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THE LETTING IN.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

"Ever alone!" she murmur'd, sad and slowly;
Alone, alone, through all the weary years!
I cannot read to night the words of comfort,
My eyes have grown so dim with constant tears.

"The Old Year, softly dying in the starshine,
Has brought no ease to long and bitter pain.
The New Year, creeping towards me from the future,
Cannot restore the loved and lost again."

She raised her eyes—so heavy 'mid their weeping—
With one long look into the starlit skies.
Distant and slow, the midnight bell was tolling,
And sleep at last fell on the tired eyes.

And in her dream she stood beside the casement,
And threw it open with an eager hand,
As the New Year, borne on its joyous chiming,
Flew with its gladdening promise thro' the land.

Yes, she was there, amid the old, dear faces;
And loving hands were laid upon her own;
Bright words of love and friendship unforgotten
Were breathed once more in sweet, familiar tone.

* * * * * * * *

And when they enter'd in the early morning,
The Heavenly sunshine crown'd her sleeping head;
Upon the open Book her hands lay gently;
And, looking down, with tearful eyes they read,
"And I will give you rest." O words of comfort!
"She hath the best New Year of all," they said.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of new subscribers we give a short synopis of this story. Doris Marlowe is an actress. A mystery surrounds her early life. Her tutor, guardian and closest friend is an old man named Jeffrey Flint. Lord Cecil Neville the nephew and heir of the wicked Marquis of Stoyle, falls in love with her. She returns his affection and they plight their troth. Spenser Churchill is a friend of the marquis's. Jeffrey tells Doris to beware of him. Lady Grace Peyton, a distant relation of the marquis, half looks forward to marrying Lord Neville. Doris has given her lover an old silver ring which the latter loses. Spenser Churchill finds it. Spenser Churchill determines to separate the lovers for purposes of his own. Cecil must pay a visit to Ireland and Churchill by means of the ring and forged letters makes Doris believe Lord Neville has forsaken her. Churchill meets Jeffrey Flint. From him he learns that Doris is the Marquis of Stoyle's lawful daughter. Jeffrey is stricken dead with heart disease and Churchill robs his body of the papers proving Doris's relationship. These facts bring us to the following chapters.]

CHAPTER XVIII—[CONTINUED].

LOOKING back to that time—when we parted, friends no longer—my heart is filled with remorse and sorrow! Ah, Miss Marlowe, if we would all of us reflect that life is short, and that death may come to prevent for ever any reconciliation between parted friends, how often—ah, how often the rash and foolish quarrel would be averted," and apparently overcome by his emotion, Churchill turned and softly blew his nose.

"But we will not go back over this sad quarrel," he said. "I have come to see you this morning that I may see if I can be of any further use to you. I trust I may be. There are several things I find that I must speak to you about, much as I should wish to leave you undisturbed."

"Will you please tell me everything I should know," said Doris. "I am ashamed that I should have left everything so entirely."

"No, no," he murmured. "Such a terrible bereavement as yours, so sudden, is so overwhelming that no excuse is needed." He took some papers from his pocket. "I will not trouble you more than I can avoid with business matters, my dear young lady, but there are a few things that I find I must speak to you about. First, I must ask you if there is anyone, any friend you would rather I went to who would take this trouble off your shoulders?"

Doris shook her head.

"No, there is no one," she said quietly enough and with a firm voice. "I have no friend in all the world."

"Except—dare I say except my humble self?" he murmured. "My dear young lady, what little I have done afforded me a melancholy satisfaction. I have felt all through that by serving you in some slight measure I have been making an attempt at some poor atonement for the error that separated my poor dear friend and myself. Will you allow me to call myself your friend?"

Doris tried to thank him, and he inclined his head gratefully.

"Well, then, I have taken upon myself to see to all the arrangements, and have ventured to act, just as if I were, say your father. It was necessary that I should look into poor Jeffrey's affairs, and I have come to tell you the result. I am sorry to say, my dear young lady, that your guardian did not leave any wealth behind him. He died a poor man—perhaps this will not surprise you?"

"No," said Doris, in a low voice; "we were always poor, I think. There was always enough——"

He nodded.

"Yes, yes, I understand. There is some money: it is not much, about a hundred pounds, I think."

Doris listened with faint interest. If she had heard that she had been left without a penny, or heiress to a million, it would not have affected her in her present condition.

"Besides the money there were some papers—nothing of any consequence, however—letters and documents relating to business affairs, engagements at theatres, and so on."

A faint flush came into Doris's face, then left it absolutely colorless.

"Nothing more?" she said, with downcast eyes.

"Nothing more," he said gravely, watching her closely, though he seemed occupied in turning over the papers. "Did you expect——"

"I do not know," she faltered; then she raised her large, sad eyes. "You know that I am not—Jeffrey's daughter?"

He inclined his head.

"Yes, I know that; and I know what you expected—hoped, shall I say; that I should find something, some papers that would give us a clue to your parentage. Is that not so?"

Doris's lips formed the "Yes."

He sighed and shook his head.

"I regret there is no such clue. The secret of your birth, my dear young lady, is buried in my poor friend's grave."

Doris had leant forward with a suppressed eagerness, and she sank back as her eyes filled with tears.

"I am sorry, sorry," he murmured, "for I too had hoped that I might make some discovery. But there is not a single paper, not the slightest clue."

"And yet—" said Doris, more to herself than to him—"there was something he—he was going to tell me, some papers: he had them with him the morning——" her voice broke.

Spenser Churchill listened with the deepest sympathy glowing in his benevolent face.

"Dear, dear!" he murmured. "And he did not tell you? And these papers now? He had them with him, you say? They were not found. I myself did not examine— but the doctor assured me there was nothing beyond a little money and so on. I fear—I very much fear—that our poor friend must have decided to allow the mystery to remain, and have destroyed the papers you speak of."

Doris's hands closed tightly.

"He knew best," she said, with all a woman's loving loyalty. "I—I am satisfied. He knew best," and the tears came at last and rolled down the pale cheeks.

Spenser Churchill heaved a sigh.

"Nobly said, my dear young lady! Yes, doubtless he knew best. Rest assured he kept the secret from you for good reasons. Yes, he knew best! Poor Jeffrey, poor Jeffrey!" he wiped his eyes. "And now shall I go—some other time——"

"No, no," said Doris. "Tell me everything, please; I do not know what to do—I am so alone——"

"Yes, yes," he said. "About your future; forgive me if I mention such a subject; but I presume you will continue your profession——"

A shudder ran through Doris's frame at the thought of again facing the crowded theatre.

"No, no!" she said, almost fiercely. "I shall never act again!"

As she answered, the scene of the first night of "Romeo and Juliet" rose before her, and she thrilled with the recollection of the inspiration which had come to her from her love for Cecil Neville. That inspiration had vanished for ever now, and to act with a broken heart would, she knew, be impossible to her.

"I shall never go on the stage again," she responded firmly.

Spenser Churchill put up his white hand to his lips to hide the smile of satisfaction her words called up on them.

"No?" he said thoughtfully and significantly. "Yes, I understand! I quite understand, and I must say I think your decision a wise one. It was different while your guardian was alive, to watch over you and protect you! Yes, great as your success has been, I think you are right in your resolve to leave the profession."

"I shall never go back," she said quietly.

"Then, forgive me, may I ask what you intend doing?"

Doris let her eyes fall upon him almost vacantly for a moment. She had been lost in the memory of those few happy days and nights, and had almost forgotten his presence.

"What I intend doing? Oh, I don't know! I have not thought," she said, and her white hand went to her brow.

"I understand! I understand! and fully sympathise, my dear young lady, but, as your friend,—you know you have allowed me to be your friend,—it is my duty to ask you! This sum of money, alas, will soon take to itself wings, and——"

Doris roused herself.

"And I must still live and eat, even after it is gone, you would say," she said, not bitterly, but, ah, so wearily, "Yes, I know!"

"You could earn a large sum on the stage, of course," he murmured.

She put out her hand as if to silence him.

"That is out of the question," she said. "I suppose there are other ways of earning money?"

"There are," he murmured softly.

"I am young and strong," she said. "Other women have to work. What do they do? Needlework——"

She looked at her hands with a smile that was like the glint of her old light-hearted one.

He shook his head.

"That, too, is out of the question," he said. "But there are still other ways: I believe—indeed, I have heard—that you are very accomplished, Miss Marlowe."

"Am I?" said Doris simply.

"I believe that you are a musician, and that you speak several languages——"

"Yes," she said as simply as before. "Ah, how much I owe to him! I understand it better now—now that it is too late to thank him," and she turned her head away.

"A good musician and linguist need not take to her needle for her maintenance," said Spenser Churchill. "I have, of course, forseen that the question would arise, and I have—pray forgive me, my dear young lady—been making some inquiries on your behalf."

He drew out a pocket-book, and took a letter from it. "It happens that a friend of mine—Lady Despard—you may have heard of her; she is well known for her charitable work——"

Doris shook her head.

"I have heard of her," she said, trying to speak with some interest.

"A sweet creature! A widow, alas, though young! Very wealthy, moving in the best society—ahem!—and fond of travelling. She is just going abroad, and requires a companion. I think—I am sure—that you would like her, and that if you could bring yourself to accept the position, which is so much below your genius—"

"She is going abroad?" said Doris with sudden eagerness.

He inclined his head.

"Yes, to Italy. The change would do you good—is, indeed, absolutely necessary."

Abroad, out of England, beyond the chance of meeting Cecil Neville! A faint hope, for the first time since Jeffrey's death, rose in Doris's heart.

"But you need not decide to-day. You shall think it over," he said, taking up his hat. "By the way, if you should need me, will you send word—at any time, and the very moment you would like to see me—to Barton Towers? I am staying with my friend the Marquis of Stoyle."

Doris started, and the blood rushed to her face.

"Barton Towers?" she murmured mechanically.

"Yes," he said smoothly, as if he had not noticed her sudden agitation. "The marquis is an old friend of mine. So is his nephew and heir, Lord Cecil Neville. You may have heard of him?"

"Yes—I—have heard of him," said Doris, in a low voice, which faltered notwithstanding her efforts to keep it steady.

"Yes; a most charming young fellow," he went on with a smile, "but a terrible unsteady one. But, there, we must not be hard upon a young fellow in his position. Young men who are blessed with good looks and heirships to marquisates are apt to be unsteady; though I am glad to say that Lord Neville's wild days are nearly over. He is in Ireland at present, but when he comes back he is to marry Lady Grace Peyton."

Doris sat perfectly motionless, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the lovely summer scene framed in the window; but the view was all blurred in her sight, and a sound as of rushing waves rang in her ears.

"To marry Lady Grace Peyton!" she echoed dully, as if the words possessed no sense.

"Yes," he purred. "It is a very old attachment. She is a most charming and beautiful creature, and I am not surprised that, notwithstanding his numerous flirtations, Lord Neville has remained constant. It will be a most suitable and advantageous match for both of them—— My dear young lady," he broke off, for Doris had sunk back, white to the lips, and with closed eyes, "you are ill. Let me call Mrs. Jelf."

But with almost a superhuman effort Doris fought down the terrible faintness,

and, stretching out her hand, commandingly, said—

"No! It is nothing. The heat—stay, please!"

He stood, regarding her silently, watchfully, with an anxious, sympathetic expression on his smooth face.

"This lady—" she went on, speaking every word as if it cost her an effort—"this Lady Despard. Will you ask her to take me?"

"But, my dear Miss Marlowe! Had you not better consider——"

"I have considered," she said, interrupting him. "If she thinks I can be of any service to her—if she is going away from England at once——"

"She is," he said softly.

"Well then—tell her, please, that I am ready; that I will go with her!"

"I will do everything you wish, my dear young lady," he murmured. "I fear I have wearied you! Leave it all to me," and with a softly murmured "Heaven bless you!" he left her.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO days later, Mrs. Jelf brought Doris a letter. The envelope bore on elaborate crest, stamped in crimson and gold, and as she opened it, a faint perfume emanated from it.

It was from Lady Despard, who wrote—in the delightfully-illegible hand, all points and angles, known as "the Italian"—that her dear friend, the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Spenser Churchill, had recommended Miss Marlowe to Lady Despard, and placing the greatest reliance upon Mr. Churchill, her ladyship would be very pleased if Miss Marlowe would come to her at 12, Chester Gardens, as soon as Miss Marlowe could find it convenient. Lady Despard added that she was certain, from all Mr. Churchill had said, she and Miss Marlowe would get on together, and that she intended starting for Italy as soon as possible.

Doris read and re-read the elegant epistle, vainly striving, as we all do, to form some idea of the character of the unknown writer; then she sat down and wrote an answer, saying that she would come to Chester Gardens the following day.

Now that she had recovered from the lethargy which had closely followed her great trouble, she was filled with a restless desire to get away from Barton and its painful associations.

She at once set to work at the preparations for her journey, and it was not until she had packed up her things that it occurred to her that she could not go until she had bidden farewell to Mr. Spenser Churchill.

Doris's feeling toward that gentleman was a peculiar one. He had befriended her when she had been most in need of a friend; had shown an amount of consideration and delicacy to her, a stranger, which, when she pondered over it, amazed her; and she was grateful.

But she had not forgotten the dead man's warning, and it still haunted her, although Spenser Churchill had so cleverly managed to allay her suspicions by his frank confession that, in the quarrel between him and Jeffrey, he had been in the wrong.

And yet, though her suspicions were allayed, she was conscious of a strange feeling of disquietude while in his presence; a feeling that was neither quite dread nor doubt, but partook of both sentiments.

Still, he had been most kind, and her gratitude would not allow her to go without seeing him again.

After a good deal of reflection, she wrote a couple of lines to him, telling him that she had arranged to start on the morrow, and asking him to call and see her; and she sent it by a lad to the Towers.

An hour or two later Mr. Spenser Churchill arrived.

"I am glad, very glad, my dear young lady," he said, pressing the hand which she gave him, "that you have resolved to seek change of scene so promptly. You will find dear Lady Despard a most charming and amiable lady, who will prove a—er—valuable friend; and I hope, I may say I am sure, that you will be happy. You must let me have the pleasure of seeing you off by the train to-morrow——"

Doris shook her head gently but firmly.

"I could not let you take so much trouble," she said. "I am leaving quite early in the morning, and——"

He nodded.

"Well, well, I understand. That shall be as you wish. And is there anything I can do now! Your luggage——"

"It is all ready," said Doris. "I am quite prepared."

"Then nothing remains for me to do but to hand over to you the money I hold for you," he said, and he took and counted some bank notes.

Doris colored.

"I have been thinking," she said, "that I would ask you to be so kind as to take charge of some of it for me. It seems so large a sum—I have never been used to having large sums of money," her eyes filled as she spoke.

"I am ashamed to cause you any further trouble, but if you will take charge of some of it for me, if you will give me twenty pounds, and keep the rest in case I should want it, I shall be very grateful: you will be adding to all your past kindness to me."

"Yes, yes, I see. I shall be very happy," he said benevolently. "Twenty pounds: that will leave eighty. And when you want it you can write to me. Perhaps when you come to know Lady Despard you will like her to act as your banker. By the way, I don't think we said anything about the remuneration?"

"No," said Doris; "I did not think of it."

"You left it all to me. Quite right. Well, I hope you will think I have done the best I could. Lady Despard and I have agreed upon a hundred pounds a year."

"That is a great deal, I suppose," said Doris simply. "It is more than enough, and once more I thank you."

"It is not more than enough, not half enough in return for so sweet and charming a companion, but, my dear young lady, we must be content," he said. "And now, is there anything else?"

Doris replied in the negative, then suddenly her face crimsoned.

"There is one thing more," she said in a low voice. "Can you tell me Lord Neville's address in Ireland?"

Her voice faltered, but her clear pure eyes met his steadily. He showed not the faintest surprise, but seemed to think for a moment or two.

"I am sorry to say I cannot," he said. "Did you want to write to him?"

"Yes," she said. "I wish I could tell you—" her voice broke.

He raised his hand with a soft deprecating smile.

"My dear young lady, tell me nothing more than you wish. I am—" he laid his hand upon his heart—"I beg you to believe that I am not curious. Why should you not write to Lord Neville, if you choose, or to any other person? I presume you know him?"

"Yes—I know him," she said, turning her head aside.

"Just so," he assented smoothly. "And you wish to tell him where you are going? Is it not so?"

"No!" said Doris suddenly and turning pale. "I do not wish him to know—ah, I cannot tell you, you would not understand!"

"You shall tell me nothing," he said waving his hand. "I am sorry I can't give you his address. But I will tell you what we can do!" he added as if an idea had occurred to him. "If you will write to him and entrust the letter to me, I will see that it is forwarded—indeed, I will get the address from the marquis and forward it to-night."

"Thank you," said Doris, in a low voice, and she went to the table.

Mr. Spenser Churchill, with true delicacy, slipped out, and had a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Jelf, who was reduced to tears at the prospect of losing her young charge.

When he came back, Doris was standing with a note in her hand.

"There it is," she said. "If——" she paused for a second, then went on firmly, "if Lord Neville should ask you where I am gone, will you promise not to tell him, please? No one knows but yourself, and—and I do not wish him to be told."

He inclined his head as he took the note, and with a great show of carefulness, put it in his pocket-book.

"My lips are sealed, my dear young lady. Whatever your reasons may be—and please understand that I do not seek to know them—your request shall be considered sacred by me. Lord Neville shall never learn your whereabouts from me!" and it is only fair to say that, for once, Mr. Spenser Churchill spoke the truth!

A subdued and placid smile beamed on his benevolent countenance when, having taken leave of Doris, he made his way across the meadows to the Towers; and the smile grew more placid and self-complacent when, having reached his own rooms, he took the note from his pocket, and rang for a jug of hot water.

"Let it be quite hot, if you please," he said to the chamber-maid, and the girl brought it almost boiling.

Then he locked the door, and, holding the envelope over the steam until it had become ungummed, he drew out the note, and read it.

"I was right, and you were wrong. It would have been better if we had never met, and I hope that we may never meet again. If we should do so, it must be as strangers. No one shall ever learn from me that we have ever been anything else.—DORIS MARLOWE."

He pondered over these few lines, word by word, for some minutes, then, with a satisfied nod, re-enclosed the note in its envelope, and neatly re-fastened it.

"I don't think anyone, however sharp and critical his sight, would detect that her little note had been opened," he murmured. "The gum had scarcely dried. Yes, that will do very well! Admirably; in fact, there is no need for me to add a word. But all the same, my dear young lady, we will not send it to Cecil Neville just yet! No, no, it would be so sudden a shock. No, really, in common charity, we must give him some slight preparation."

Then he took from his pocket four letters, and, with a soft smile of enjoyment, read them over.

They were in Lord Cecil's anything but elegant handwriting, and were addressed to Miss Marlowe at the lodgings, and had kindly been taken charge of by Mr. Spenser Churchill.

"Youth, rash youth! How frantically he writes! Dear me, I am very glad Providence permitted me to keep them from the dear young thing's sight; they would have unsettled her so sadly! Quite eloquent, they are! I had no idea Master Cecil had such a ready pen. I am afraid you are spending anything but a pleasant time over there waiting for the answer to these frantic epistles, the answer which will rather surprise you when you get it. What will you do when you find the bird has flown, I wonder? Be as mad as a March hare for a few days, and then——" he shrugged his shoulders, and, with a laugh, struck a match and made a bonfire of the intercepted letters, and watched them until all that remained of their imploring eloquence was a little heap of ashes in the empty grate.

In such excellent spirits was Mr. Spenser Churchill, so full of the peace which flows from the possession of a good conscience, that, as he entered the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner that evening, he hummed a few bars from the "Lost Chord," that cheerful melody being the nearest approach to profane music which he permitted himself; and, going up to the sofa upon which Lady Grace was reclining, raised her white hand to his lips, and kissed it with playfully solemn gallantry.

She snatched her hand away impatiently, and drawing her handkerchief over the spot his lips had touched, said—

"You appear conspicuously cheerful to-night. May one inquire the reason? Don't trouble to tell me if you are not sure it will be interesting. I am quite bored enough already," and she moved her fan with a weary gesture.

"Bored, dear lady!" he murmured, smoothing his long yellow hair from his forehead. "Now, really! And I am never bored! But then I am always busy. I never permit my mind to be unoccupied. Surely once can always find some pleasant and congenial task to lighten the lengthy hours——"

She flashed a scornful look at him from her keen eyes.

"Please don't treat me as if I were the audience at a charity meeting."

"Alas!" he murmured softly. "Charity meeting ladies do not wear such charming toilettes as this: would that they did!" and he beamed down admiringly at the magnificent evening dress.

"What a pity it is that it should be wasted—no, I will not say that!—but it is a pity there are not younger eyes to see and admire them, than mine and the dear marquis's. Now, if Cecil was here—he has so keen an appreciation for all that is beautiful!"

She looked up at him sharply.

"What do you want to tell me about him?" she demanded quickly, a faint color coming into her face. "Is—is he coming back?"

"Is Cecil coming back, dear marquis?" he asked, turning, as the door opened and the marquis entered.

The marquis stopped and looked from one to the other under his brows.

"You should know best. The person who sent him to Ireland probably knows when he can come back," he said with cold contempt.

"Now, now, really I must protest!" said Spenser Churchill, wagging his forefinger playfully. "I know nothing about it, nothing whatever. It was on your business he went, dear lord, not mine. No, come now, really!"

The marquis smiled grimly.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "She"—and he indicated Lady Grace with a slight motion of his hand—"knows, or guesses, all about it. We neither of us have any desire to rob you of the credit of your plot, eh, Grace?"

She shrugged her snowy shoulders with an air of indifference, but she could not keep her eagerness from flashing in her eyes, which were fixed on Spenser Churchill's smooth, smiling face.

"Well, if you ask my advice, I should say dear Cecil might as well come back, not quite directly, but say,—yes,—say, in a week."

The marquis raised his eyebrows with haughty indifference.

"When you like! There is a letter from him to-night," and he flung it on the table. "He seems to have unmasked the agent, and made himself quite popular with his dear friends, the great unwashed! I suppose"—with a sneer—he will want to go into Parliament next, on the Radical side, no doubt."

"Y—es," murmured Spenser Churchill, as he read the letter; "I always said dear Cecil was clever."

"Really?" said the marquis, in a tone of calm and indifferent surprise. "The problem with me has always been whether he was a greater fool than he looked, or looked a greater fool than he is."

Mr. Spenser Churchill chuckled coldly, but Lady Grace half rose, and shut her fan with a snap.

'He who buys Cecil for a fool will lose his money," she said.

The marquis made her an elaborate bow, and Spenser Churchill clapped his fat hands softly.

"Good—very good, dear lady! I must remember that, I must, indeed! So truly witty."

"So truly vulgar, you mean," she said; "but I was following the marquis's suit."

The marquis made her another bow.

"This is quite refreshing," he said, his thin upper lip curling scornfully. "And now we have exchanged civilities, perhaps Churchill will tell us what is to happen. Is Cecil to come back and marry this pure and innocent ballet girl?"

"Actress, actress, dear marquis," cooed Spenser Churchill, folding his hands, and smiling with his head on one side. "If you appeal to me, I am afraid I must be the bearer of bad news."

"Bad news! He is married already?" exclaimed Lady Grace, rising and confronting him with white face and furious eyes.

Spenser Churchill chuckled at her alarm, then, with his head a little more on one side, murmured—

"No, no! I am sorry to say there is a little hitch—Ahem!—the fact is the engagement is broken off."

"Broken off?" exclaimed Lady Grace, and her face crimsoned as she lent forward, with scarcely repressed eagerness.

The marquis toyed with the diamond stud at his wrist, and maintained his accustomed air of cold and haughty indifference; but Spenser Churchill's keen eyes detected a slight tremor of the thin white fingers.

"Y—es! It is very sad, and my heart bleeds for poor Cecil——" Lady Grace tapped her hand with her fan with impatience, and seeing and recognising it, he went on with still more exasperating slowness.

"Only they who have suffered as he will and must suffer, can sympathise with him. To have one's tenderest affections nipped in the bud, to find that one's true and devoted love has been misplaced, and—er—betrayed: ah, how cruel and sharp a torture it is! Poor Cecil, poor Cecil!"

The fan snapped loudly, its delicate ivory leaves broken in the restless, impatient fingers.

"Can you tell me what has occurred—the truth, without this—this sermon?" she exclaimed, almost fiercely.

"Yes, pray spare us, if you can, Spenser," said the marquis, with a cold smile. "I gather from what you say, that this business has come to an end. Is that so?"

"Yes! Is that so?" demanded Lady Grace.

Spenser Churchill heaved a deep sigh, but a faint smile of satisfaction lurked in his half-closed eyes.

"I regret to say that it is," he said. 'Poor Cecil's affections have been wasted! The tenderest emotions of his heart betrayed! The young lady has—discarded him!"

The marquis raised his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders, but Lady Grace

rose and laid her hand—with gentle grasp on Spenser Churchill's arm.

"Is this true?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Yes," he said; "I have his dismissal in my hand," and he held up Doris's note.

Lady Grace drew a long breath.

"You—you are very clever!" she said.

He looked at her with an affectation of surprise.

"I—I!" he murmured; "I know nothing about it! I happen to know the young lady slightly, and she, not knowing Lord Cecil's address——"

"He must have written to her!" broke in Lady Grace.

"Has he, do you think?" responded Spenser Churchill, opening his eyes with a childlike innocence.

Lady Grace smiled.

"I see! I see! You intercepted the letters?"

"I beg your pardon! What did you say? Not knowing Lord Cecil's address, Miss Marlowe committed this letter to my care. Now the question is, shall we send it on to him, or wait till he comes back? I think you said he would be back in a week, dear marquis?"

"You said so," said the marquis coldly.

"Well, in that case, don't you think it would be better to wait until he comes back? Letters do miscarry so, don't they?"

The marquis smiled sardonically.

"I agree with Lady Grace," he said. "You are a clever fellow, Spenser."

"They do miscarry so often," continued Spenser Churchill. "So I think, if you ask me, it will be better to keep it till he returns. That is my humble advice."

The marquis nodded.

"And my humble advice is that you are not here when it is delivered," he said, with a grim smile. "I have no doubt you have taken every precaution, but if Cecil should get an inkling—" he stopped, and smiled again significantly.

"Dear Cecil," murmured Spenser Churchill; "I should so like to have stayed till he came back, and attempted to soothe and comfort him,"—the marquis smiled more sardonically than before,—"but," continued Spenser Churchill, "I am sorry to say important business compels me to return to London to-morrow, so I must leave the letter in your charge. You will take every care to it? Poor Cecil! And you must be very kind and gentle with him, dear Lady Grace!"

"We will take every care of it, and Lady Grace will be very kind and gentle, no doubt," retorted the marquis, with a sneer.

CHAPTER XX.

FEELING as if the world were quite a new and different one, and she equally new and strange, Doris left Barton the following morning; Mrs. Jelf driving her to the station in a little pony-cart, and obviously weeping as the train left the station.

It was not a particularly long journey, and the time passed very quickly, as it seemed to Doris, for she was thinking all the time, dwelling on the past and considering what the future would be like, and when they reached Waterloo she was about to ask a porter for a cab, when a footman came up to the carriage, and touching his hat, enquired if she were Miss Marlowe.

"The carriage is quite close, miss," he said with evident respect, after a glance at the slim, graceful, black clad figure and delicately-refined face. "She's a lady, anyhow," was his mental comment.

The carriage was an admirably-appointed one, the horses evidently as good as money could buy, and the get up of the equipage quiet and reserved, corresponding with the dark liveries of the coachman and footman.

They went, at a smart, business-like pace, through the crowded Strand, and entering the sacred regions of the upper ten, pulled up at one of the largest houses in Chester Gardens.

Now there is one advantage, at any rate, in being an actress: that nothing surprises you. No grandeur can overwhelm a person who has been nightly playing with kings and queens—perhaps enacted a queen herself; and though the first glimpse of the interior of Lady Despard's town house was rather startling, Doris was capable of concealing her surprise.

The house was new, and magnificiently furnished after the latest art-craze. The hall was intended to represent the outer court of a Turkish harem, with richly-chased arches, marble passages, tropical ferns, and a plashing fountain. Brilliantly-colored rugs made splashes of color on the cool marble, and here and there a huge but graceful vase lent variety to the decorations.

It certainly rather reminded you of one of the divisions of a Turkish Bath; but Lady Despard couldn't help that.

As Doris passed through this oriental hall she heard the sound of an organ, and found that one stood in a dimly-lighted recess. A young man was playing, and he scarcely missed his eyes from the keys as he glanced at her.

"Miss Marlowe," said the footman, opening a door on the left of the hall, and Doris entered a room as dimly lighted as the organ recess, so dark in fact that for a moment she could distinguish nothing; the next, however, she saw a lady rise from a low divan and approach her.

Doris could not make out her features, but she heard a very pleasant and musical voice say—

"How do you do, Miss Marlowe? I am glad you have come. Will you sit down a little while, or would you rather go to your own room first?"

Doris sat down, and Lady Despard drawing aside a curtain from before a stained glass window, Doris saw that her ladyship was young and remarkably pretty; she was dressed in exquisite taste, and in colors which set off her delicate complexion and softly-languid eyes. Lady Despard scanned Doris's face for a second or two, and her gaze grew more interested.

"It was very good of you to come to me, Miss Marlowe," she said.

Of course Doris responded that it was more than good of Lady Despard to have her.

"Not at all; the favor—if there be any—is on your side," said her ladyship. "I am simply bored to death and pining for a companion. I hope we shall get on together. Mr. Spenser Churchill was quite eloquent in your praise: and he certainly didn't exaggerate in one respect," and her ladyship let her eyes wander over the pale lovely face meaningly, "and I am sure you look awfully lovable. By the way, what's your name—I mean your Christian name?"

Doris told her.

"How pretty. You must let me call you by it. 'Miss Marlowe' sounds so stiff and formal, as if you were a governess; doesn't it? Mr. Spenser Churchill says that you dreadfully clever. I hope you aren't."

Doris smiled.

"I am afraid Mr. Churchill has prepared a disappointment for you, Lady Despard," she said.

Her ladyship shook her head.

"I don't think so. I only hope you won't be disappointed in me. I am awfully stupid; but I'm always trying to learn," she added with a smile. "Do you know Mr. Churchill very well? Is he an old friend of yours?"

"No," said Doris gravely; "I have known him for a few days only. He was very kind to me; very kind, indeed."

"I know. He always is," said Lady Despard. "Such a benevolent man, isn't he? I always say that he reminds me of one of the patriarchs, with his gentle smile, and long hair, and soft voice. Anyone would guess he was a philanthropist the moment they saw him, wouldn't they?"

"I don't know," said Doris; "I have seen so few philanthropists."

"No? Well, I suppose there aren't many, are there? Oh, Mr. Spenser Churchill is a wonderfully good man; he's so charitable, and all that. Why, I don't know how many societies he is connected with. I try and do all the good I can," she added, looking rather bored; "but my philanthropy is generally confined to subscribing five pounds; and there's not much in that, is there?"

Doris was tempted to say, "exactly one hundred shillings," but, instead, remarked that if everybody gave five pounds poverty would be very much on the decrease.

"Yes," said her ladyship, as if the subject had exhausted itself and her too. "How well you look in black!—oh, forgive me!" as Doris's lips quivered, "How thoughtless of me!—that is always my way—I never think until I've spoken. Of course Mr. Churchill told me about your trouble. I'm so sorry. I've had trouble myself."

She glanced at a portrait which hung on the wall as she spoke, a portrait of a very elderly gentleman, who must have been extremely ugly, or very cruelly wronged by the artist.

"Your father?" said Doris, gently.

"No, that is the earl—my husband," said Lady Despard, not at all discomposed, though Doris's face went crimson. "You think he looks old? Well," reflectively, "he was old. He was just sixty-eight when we married. We were only married two years. He was very good to me," she went on, calmly eyeing the portrait as if it were that of a chance acquaintance, "extremely so—too much so, they all said, and I dare say they were right. He was immensely rich, and he left me everything he could. I'm afraid I'm wickedly rich," she added, almost plaintively; "at any rate, I know there is so much money and houses and that kind of thing as to be a nuisance."

A knock was heard at the door, and a footman entered.

"A person with the tapestry, my lady," he said.

"Oh, very well!" said her ladyship languidly. "I'll come and see it. Would you like to come, or are you too tired, dear?"

"I should like to come," said Doris.

They went into the hall, and a man displayed a length of ancient tapestry.

Lady Despard linked her hand in Doris's, and looked at it for a moment or two with a very small amount of interest, then asked the price.

The man mentioned a sum that rather startled Doris, but her ladyship nodded carelessly.

"Shall I buy it?" she asked of Doris.

Doris could scarcely repress a smile.

"I—really I am no judge," she said. "I don't know whether it is worth the money or not."

Lady Despard laughed indolently.

"Oh, as to that, of course it isn't worth it," she said with a candor which must have rather discomfited the man. "Nothing one buys ever is worth the money, you know; but one must go on buying things: there's nothing else to do. Yes, I'll have it," she added to the man, and drew Doris away.

"Now I've kept you with your things on quite long enough," she said. "You shall go upstairs. I've got some people coming to tea—it's my afternoon—but you needn't come down unless you like; I daresay you'll be glad to rest."

Doris was about to accept the suggestion thankfully, but remembering her new position, said—

"I am not tired; I will come down, Lady Despard."

"Very well, then," said her ladyship, touching an electric bell. "Send Miss Marlowe's maid, please."

A quiet, pleasant looking girl came to the door, and Doris followed her through the hall, and up a winding staircase of carved pine, and into a daintily-furnished room.

The maid brought here a cup of tea, and leaving Doris to rest for half an hour, returned to show her down to the drawing room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POPULAR FALLACIES.—It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you had only a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system without regard to the after effects.

To take off proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

To sleep exposed to a direct draught in any season.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears better abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is that kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precints of home. They differ widely in character.

One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. A slight education will modify both a little and unite their good qualities in one.

If a man is contented with what he has done, he has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.

Bric-a-Brac.

ST. MARTIN'S BIRD.—There is a legend that St. Martin, the Bishop of Tours, in France, being one day annoyed by a goose, ordered it to be killed and prepared for dinner. This was done, but unfortunately the meal proved so toothsome that the bishop over-ate himself and died in consequence. The French sometimes call the goose 'St. Martin's bird," and one was sacrificed in his honor every 11th of November; upon which date, too, a great goose feast used to be held throughout France.

BLOWING THE CURFEW-HORN.—Everyone knows that Norman William 900 years ago ordered the fires to be covered and folk to go to bed at the ringing of a bell. Though the custom as such has long died out, sometimes even now "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day." But in the Yorkshire city of Ripon, Eng., there still exists a pleasant variation of the old practice, for every night at nine o'clock the curfew-horn is blown in the market-place by a man dressed in a uniform that recalls a very distant past.

CHARMING THE WHEAT.—In Gloucestershire, on Twelfth-Day Eve, the 5th of January, all the servants of every farmer assemble in one of the fields that has been sown with wheat. At the end of twelve lands they make twelve fires in a row with straw, around one of which, larger than the rest, they drink a glass of cider to their master's health, and success to the future harvest. Then, returning home, they feast on cakes made with caraway seeds soaked in cider, which they claim as a reward for their past labor in sowing the grain. The ceremony in the field is said to be an effectual charm against smut in the wheat.

GRAVE CLOTHES.—From old times in Ireland the people attached great importance to the grave-clothes in which one they love is buried; for a belief is prevalent that the dead continue to wear the clothes they last used in this world whenever they may have occasion to appear on earth. It is, therefore, considered very lucky for the dead person to have a new, or a good suit of clothes in his possession at the time of death, for then he will always appear respectable when he goes amongst the other ghosts as they rise from their graves and meet together on the night of the festival of the dead.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—Many superstitious people formerly believed that if a hot cross bun was broken by two friends, or by two lovers, exactly at the cross, one holding each half, and standing within the church doors before Matins on Good Friday, and the half carefully kept by each, it would act not only as a pledge of friendship, but a surety against disagreement, the act being accompanied by the words:

Half for you and half for me,
Between us two good will shall be—Amen.

A portion of hot cross bun, dried and powdered, has been known to be administered as a specific for the cure of sore throat.

FROM COSTERMONGER TO MARQUESS.—Some time ago there died in Pekin a marquess who was related to the last Emperor of China but one, and it was found that the heir to his title and estates was a humble man who had been lost sight of for years. Search was now made for him everywhere, but of no avail, when he was all of a sudden discovered in the person of a poor costermonger, who was in the habit of selling pumpkins outside one of the gates of Pekin. Of course he was overwhelmed with the news of his good fortune. But his friends took him in hand at once. They had him dressed as became his grand position, and taught him all the forms and ceremonies of court etiquette, for he was to be presented to the Emperor as soon as his title to the estate was admitted. About this there was no difficulty, and in due time he made his obeisance to the great king. Though he did not lose his rustic appearance, he bore his honors with a modest dignity that pleased all who knew of his strange case, and he was popularly nicknamed the "Pumpkin Marquess."

AN IRASCIBLE old gentleman was taken with sneezing in a railway car lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic manner eight times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and, extricating his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying, "Oh, go on, go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

A MAN can bear a world of contempt when he has that within which says that he is worthy. When he condemns himself, there burns the hell.

FAREWELL.

BY JEMIMA.

If ever the memory should whisper the name
Of one who still loves thee, not wisely, but well,
And dwells on thy name with that passionate flame
Which none but the soul of the poet can tell—

Remember her heart was not temper'd like those
Who have never awoke to the exquisite touch
Which passion imparts to the bosom that glows
Till its error in love, is in loving too much.

Remember, if love has led her too far,
The language that spoke in thy eloquent eye;
For who could be blind to so brilliant a star,
If it beam'd but on her, though a thousand were by?

And remember, whilst others are bound by its spell,
With what ills and what anguish her spirit must cope,
Who breathes thee this wild and eternal "Farewell!"
They hope while they love, but she loves without hope.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of new subscribers we give a short synopsis of this story: Kathleen the daughter of Lord Elwyn, was brought up in ignorance of her real parentage by an old farmer named Dobson. On gaining womanhood, ignorant of the world and her own heart, she promised to marry a young farmer named Tom Darley. He makes her swear it and vows to kill any man who attempts to win her from him. Lord Elwyn comes to the farm, discloses the truth, and takes her away with him. His second wife Lady Elwyn is the aunt of Lady Lucille Maitland, betrothed to Sir Adrian Deverell, but in love with Laurence Doyle. The avaricious and ambitious Lady Lucille conceives the most violent hatred of Kathleen and does all she can to injure her. Tom Darley leaves his farm secretly, hangs around Clortell Towers, Kathleen's home. Sir Adrian Deverell, whom Lucille pretends to love merely on account of his wealth and station, loves Kathleen and she in return loves him. Kathleen's father wants her to marry his cousin and his heir, the somewhat elderly Colonel Elwyn. She has learned of Tom Darley's presence and her promise to him worries her. Lucille Maitland tries to cause mischief, and in a fit of anger at his daughter, caused by Lucille's telling him of Kathleen's connection with Tom Darley, her father dies of heart disease. Tom Darley forces his way into her presence and repeats his determination to kill the man who attempts to take her from him. These events bring us to the following chapters.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE WAS one person who she felt with an unerring instinct, were he to be ever so little on the scent, would undoubtedly annoy her by inconvenient and unanswerable questionings. That person was Sir Adrian Deverell. It was therefore chiefly to keep out of his way that Lucille partook of game and champagne in the seclusion of her own chamber long after the state of her health might have safely permitted her to consume these dainties down-stairs in the dining-room.

The day however came at last when some sort of a beginning had to be made; she could not remain in her bed-room for ever.

So, arrayed in an exquisite tea-gown of white silk knotted with black bows to indicate her mourning condition, she was wheeled across the broad landing, past the top of the staircase, and into Lady Elwyn's private sitting-room, where the widow had chiefly sat since her husband's horrible death.

The two women were glad to be together again. Lucille frequently deceived her aunt and kept back items of her confidence from her; but Lady Elwyn's affection for her beautiful spoilt niece was genuine and sincere.

Lady Elwyn, in her deep widow's weeds sank joyfully upon her knees by the side of Lucille's couch and kissed her very fondly.

"My dearest girl, how delightful to see you up, and looking so sweet and lovely too! It is indeed a happiness to me to get you back to health, my child. We have much to discuss, Lucille. Are you strong enough to talk?"

"Certainly, aunt—you might have talked whilst I was still in bed, for the matter of that."

"Oh, no! There was Noble always passing in and out; besides, I was afraid of agitating you; and I have been so lonely, dearest, since my terrible loss! Dearest Edward!"

The widow pressed her handkerchief to her eyes with a little gentle sob which her reference to the dear departed seemed to demand.

"You might have sought consolation in the arms of 'dearest Edward's' daughter," suggested Miss Maitland, with unfeeling coldness and a slight sneer.

"That horrible girl!" cried Lady Elwyn angrily. "Lucille, I am never going to speak to her again! I have refused to see her. There is not the smallest doubt that she is morally guilty of her poor father's death."

"Indeed!"

This was most interesting news to Lucille.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, of course he must have heard something against her! You, my darling, have, I dare say, forgotten the painful details of the last sad scene; but Mr. Williams tells us that my poor dear husband, believing you to be Kathleen, rushed at you and cursed you, calling you by her name, in the most frightful manner for some wickedness of hers which had evidently come to his ears. That is undoubtedly why he told Mrs. Hyam to find Mr. Williams in such a hurry—to alter his will and cut her out of it. Alas, that death should have frustrated his just and righteous purpose!"

This way of putting matters was beyond all that Lucille had dared to hope for.

"Bravo, little Williams!" she said to herself delightedly; aloud, with a pensive melancholy, she murmured. "Dreadful girl! What a frightful load of responsibility she has incurred! And everything then is left to her?"

"Everything that he could leave save the Suffolk property, which brings in a beggarly three hundred a year, which was not in the entail, and which I persuaded him to secure to you at the time of your engagement, and my settlement of course—a thousand a year and the London house, which is small and inconvenient; all the rest, including those jewels that are not heirlooms—his mother's, for instance—and as much of the pictures, plate, and china as could be left away from Alfred, besides ninety-six thousand pounds, goes to that girl."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, it's iniquitous—infamous! If I could bring myself to say a hard word of my dead husband, I could find it in my heart to say very bitter things of a man who has allowed his own decent belongings to go pinched and poor in order to enrich to superfluity the daughter of a shameful union with a barmaid!"

"All the same, I think you have done wrong to quarrel with her. You had much better patch it up and get the benefit of her thousands. She is very stupid and ignorant; you might very easily make a good thing out of her if you were clever."

"Lucille, I know that you speak the words of worldly wisdom; but I hate the girl too much. I will not give her the shelter of my name or my house. Besides, it would be for so short a time that it would be no advantage to me. Alfred is, I regret to say, still bent on marrying that horrid girl."

This was probably the stronger motive of the two in Lady Elwyn's mind.

"For her money of course," murmured Miss Maitland, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Alfred knows very well how to feather his own nest. If she had been left nothing, he would have turned her out of doors. He knows her real character well enough. I am sure I have done my best to point out to him that she is scarcely respectable; but he shuts his eyes to it wilfully because of her money. When are they going to be married?"

"I am sure I neither know nor care. It is quite disreputable her staying on in the house, I consider! As I have refused to see her, she is virtually alone in it, holding interviews in all the down-stairs rooms. Goodness knows what she is up to—no good, I fear! And, now that Adrian has come back, I am glad you are better, and will be able to look after the dear fellow and keep him out of her toils. Only last night she made a most horrible commotion in the morning-room, I hear—screamed and shrieked so that the men-servants came running in, and found her in a dead-faint on the floor. They had to carry her up-stairs; and Dawks tells me that both Alfred and Adrian went into her bed-room and helped to bring her to with salts and sal-volatile as she lay on her bed. It's an outrage to morality, I consider!"

"Perfectly disgusting!" ejaculated Miss Maitland. "I will soon put a stop to Adrian's little amusements in that line—that miserable creature has from the very first tried to get him away from me, as you know, aunt!"

"That she will never do, Lucille—a gentleman knows how to value a refined and high-bred lady like yourself, and to honor her above all others as his future wife, although with the baser part of his masculine nature it may afford him amusement to see how far a creature of that description will permit him to go. Men will always get fun out of a woman who forgets what is due to her sex; but no nice man desires to turn such a one into his wife."

"No; I dare say you are right, aunt," replied Miss Maitland piously.

Did any passing thought of Laurie Doyle and the many fond kisses she had bestowed upon that young gentleman in her leisure moments weigh one feather's-weight upon her conscience as she listened to her aunt's little homily on female virtue? Probably not; Lucille's conscience seldom troubled her at inconvenient times.

"Now as to your wedding, my love," continued Lady Elwyn. "Of course it will have to be solemnised in a very different fashion now from what we once planned—it will have to be very quiet."

Lucille heaved a deep sigh. This was indeed a calamity which came very dreadfully home to her.

She thought of the large houseful of guests—of the marriage in the Cathedral by the Bishop, assisted by the Dean—of the twelve bridesmaids in coral silk behind her—of the crowds in Clorchester streets, and the monster reception in the Castle afterwards.

That was to have been a wedding worth dreaming about—a marriage worth living for.

"I know—I know!" she said sorrowfully; and there were real tears in her eyes as she thought of all that she was forced to surrender.

"But still we need not wait so very long, I think; and you might be married at nine o'clock in the morning with just a couple of witnesses. I could not come to the church; but then in London—for it must be in London—nobody notices one much; and, after two months, if it was as quiet as that, there would be nothing to shock any one, I think."

"It seems scarcely worth while to be married after all, if it's to be done in such a hole-and-corner sort of fashion!" she cried miserably.

"My dearest girl, I feel for you! I know it is a dreadful disappointment to you—and after all we had arranged too! Ah, how true it is that no one can tell what a day may bring forth! When I think of those poor girls and their lovely coral dresses all ordered, and when I think too of all your beautiful gowns lying ready, it's really enough to break one's heart!"

"Oh, it is—it is!"

Lucille actually wept over the recollection.

"But still, bad as it is," continued her aunt, "I do really think it will be better not to put the marriage off for long. Dear Adrian will not like to be kept waiting. I think you might be married in the middle of April. Let me see—to-day is the first of February. Your dear uncle has been dead sixteen days. Suppose we say the sixteenth of April? That will be three months exactly—quite a respectable interval. Nobody could say a word."

"We shall soon go up to town, I suppose, aunt?"

"As soon, my love, as you are strong enough to travel. Our position here is uncomfortable. Alfred has been very kind; but I would rather go to my own house as soon as possible."

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned, aunt. Why cannot we go at once? To-day is Tuesday—let us leave on Friday or Saturday. I shall be quite well by then."

"Well, we might go on Monday, I think. Of course there is the packing, also the finding of servants; but then I would send Dawks up to see to that. The house in Green Street, you know, is completely furnished and very comfortable."

"Yes"—Lucille raised her head and looked carefully round the room—"there are a good many little things, aunt—china ornaments, candlesticks—that dear little clock, for instance, and that lovely gilt *etagere* with glass shelves; those Dresden figures too on the cabinet, and that set of Worcester tea-cups in the cup-board; and in my room too——"

"Yes, yes—of course, my dear. You don't suppose I haven't thought of all that? I've given Dawks a little list already; and there are some things in the morning-room too—she is going to get them up-stairs quietly while the men-servants are waiting at dinner-time. Alfred will never miss them, Dawks is going to pack them amongst my clothes. You had better tell Noble to do the same in your rooms—it would be a sin to leave them."

"Oh, I have already told her—I've written them down, in fact, for her!"

There were certainly some subjects upon which this aunt and niece were in perfect accord and sympathy; they understood each other instinctively and at a word.

Lucille began to be quite excited about the move to London. Clortell Towers had now become tedious to her; the dulness and gloom of mourning had settled down upon its grandeur.

There was no possibility of extracting any amusement out of the place—even the country neighbors only left cards of inquiry at the door; and propriety and decency forbade all thought of appearing in the hunting-field.

The sooner they got up to town the better, she thought. One can do things in London one cannot do in the country in the circumstances; and then in London there would be Laurie Doyle!

"I'll have a good time with poor Laurie before I'm turned off," said Miss Maitland to herself: "he'll take me about, and we can have a bit of fun together in a quiet way."

A knock at the door heralded a visit from Sir Adrian, who, upon hearing that his *fiancee* was on the sofa and visible, thought it right to come and pay her his respects.

"Delighted to see you up again, Lucille!" he said kindly, taking a chair by her side.

"Lucille wants to talk to you about her wedding, dear Adrian," said Lady Elwyn, "we have been settling it together for the 16th of April."

Adrian looked shocked.

"Oh, but that is a great deal too soon; it would not be decent—it would seem quite heartless!"

Lucille was offended, and violently drew away her hand which he held.

"Oh, not if the ceremony takes place in London, Adrian, and the marriage is very quiet!" said Lady Elwyn. "I assure you it would not be at all disrespectful to my poor departed husband's memory! And, if I do not mind, who else is to say a word?"

"As you will, Lady Elwyn," he answered wearily. "After all, we need not settle it now, need we? It is about something else I wanted to speak to you. No, don't go, Lady Elwyn; I want you as much as Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough! She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be, Sir Adrian."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child,"

"What child, Adrian?" Lucille inquired sharply.

"Poor little Kathleen. Will you not take her with you, Lady Elwyn? Will you not give her a home for a short time even—just until she can settle something for herself? Consider how young, how pretty, how defenceless she is! She has no other woman to look to but you. Is it not natural that she should stay with her father's wife, Lady Elwyn?"

"Adrian," she said very decidedly, "I have said once for all that I will not receive Kathleen under my roof. Do not seek to move my resolution; you cannot change it."

"What then is to become of her?"

"Let her stay here with Alfred," said Lucille, with a hard and ice-like distinctness: "she has no character to lose."

Sir Adrian could not trust himself to answer. He got up quickly, walked straight to the door, and, going out of it, banged it loudly and angrily after him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Thursday of that week was destined to be one of the most memorable days of Kathleen's life. It was one of those lovely mornings in early February which, although they are most often succeeded by a renewal of winter severities, seem when they come to presage the birth of spring, its flowers, its breezes and its sunshine—a warm still day, with a touch almost of May in the air and the clearness of June in the atmosphere.

Little snowdrops displayed their blossoms along the garden borders, and there was a pleasant twittering of birds in the bare branches of the trees.

To Burgess's intense delight, the two gentlemen had decided to go out shooting to-day.

The late lord had now been dead and buried a fortnight; and, although his successor would not of course have been guilty of the indecorum of appearing in the hunting-field at any time during the present season, he deemed, not unnaturally, that he would be lacking in no respect towards the memory of his dead cousin by

strolling about with his gun for a quiet day within the precincts of his own vast estate.

Adrian, who was very unhappy, and also considerably bored at Clortell Towers since his return there, gladly agreed to accompany him.

The two men could scarcely be called friends, for the worn-out and unprincipled one had but little in common with the straightforward and warm-hearted young Baronet—little, at least, save a genuine love for sport in all its branches.

Nevertheless during the last few days they had been by force of circumstances thrown much upon each other's society, and, although there were many subjects upon which they differed widely in every thought and feeling, yet, as they agreed tacitly to avoid all topics that might lead to discussion, they did not on the whole get on at all badly together.

Lord Elwyn looked upon Adrian almost as one of the family in consequence of his relations to Lucille; and Adrian secretly believed, and almost hoped, that in course of time Kathleen might bring herself to accept Lord Elwyn's proposal, and thus secure for herself at any rate a safe home and the protection of a husband's name. Thus, although they were not at all intimate, the two were at least on friendly terms with each other.

There was a sunny corner outside the gun-room door at the back of the house, where Burgess appeared punctually at half-past ten, according to his orders, to meet his master and Sir Adrian, and to take charge of guns, game-bags, and sandwich-cases, the other men, with the dogs, remaining outside the gates of the kitchen-garden, through which lay their shortest and most direct route into the park.

Kathleen, with nothing on her head, sauntered out of the gun-room window on to the path outside to see the gentlemen start.

She sat down upon a low stone wall from which two or three steps led down into the old garden.

Kathleen had been to this spot hundreds of times since; but she never saw it without recalling that long-past summer night when she and Adrian had wandered like lovers under the harvest-moon, and when she had found her way back into the house through that very gun-room door where he now stood talking to Burgess about his cartridges.

She wondered whether he would think of it too; and presently she felt sure that he did, for his eyes met hers for a moment, and there was, it seemed to her, a deep and tender meaning in his glance.

The sun glinted down upon her uncovered head, warming it here and there with gold and red under-lights, and glorifying even the sombre folds of her deep mourning-dress.

She looked very sweet and lovely, Adrian thought, as she sat there in the sunshine and smiled softly at him in answer to his look.

"Come what may, we shall always be friends," he thought—"friends to the end of time!"

Adrian Deverell was one of those loyal souls who can learn to be humbly thankful for the dear one even though the joys of love be denied to them for ever.

There was even something specially sweet and precious to him in the thought of this friendship that was to be set apart in all honor and purity in the most sacred depths of his heart, and which would never be divined or meddled with even by the woman who was to be his wife.

"Give me your snowdrops, Kathleen," he said, approaching her and holding out his hand for the gift.

She took the small bunch of snowflake flowerets from the bosom of her dress and handed them to him without a word, and he pinned them into his button-hole. Then Lord Elwyn came out of the house, followed by the keeper.

"Now, then, Adrian, if you are ready, we'd better be making a start of it. Where are the men, Burgess?"

"Below in the park, my lord—by the garden gate."

"Oh, by-the-way, have you got that new chap you spoke to me about?"

"Yes, my lord. He seems a decent sort of young man, and understands what he's about."

"That's all right."

Lord Elwyn was lighting his pipe, and his eyes were fixed anxiously upon the igniting tobacco. He gave a puff.

"Seems sharp, does he?"—another hard puff.

"Yes, my lord."

Kathleen remembered at that moment the conversation she had overheard between the two men by the wood-side a few days before; there came into her mind a vague wonder, which was scarcely a speculation, so faint was the interest it aroused in her whether this "new chap" was the same young man they had been talking about who had tried for the place of under-keeper in her father's time and had never succeeded in getting it, but had now been able to get it at last through Burgess's intervention.

"If he is a deserving young man, I am sure I am very glad he has got it," thought Kathleen; and then she forgot all about it.

"You'd better give him my second gun to carry," she heard her cousin remark; but she paid very little heed to his talking.

"Now let us be off!" he continued. "Ah, Kathleen, haven't you any snowdrops for me? I see you've given some to Adrian! I shall be jealous!"

He spoke pleasantly and smiled at her kindly; she knew, moreover, that it was a joke, and that he was not in the least jealous of Adrian. Something made her relent and feel kindly towards him; she could not tell why it was, but she almost liked him at that moment.

Alfred Elwyn had the most courtly and polished manners; when he chose, he could veil his true nature under the charm which good breeding and an agreeable voice engender naturally in a clever man of the world.

Perhaps he repented his roughness to her two days before—perhaps, when he had bent over her senseless form a few moments later, he had felt that it might possibly be his fault that she had been reduced to that helpless condition; and possibly the habits of a gentleman's nature had stirred up feelings of shame and self-reproach within him for his unmanly conduct to her.

Or possibly, on the other hand, he had reflected that he had been going the wrong way to work with her, and that, in order to gain her consent to a marriage with him, it would be more politic to proceed by milder measures, and endeavor rather to win her by persuasion than to coerce her by threats. In any case, the result had been the same; and, whilst expressing the profoundest concern for her health, Lord Elwyn had cleverly allowed his young cousin to perceive that he regretted his behavior to her and would refrain from persecuting her for the future.

Kathleen accepted the implied apology in the sweet forgiving spirit which was natural to her. The poor child was so grateful for kindness in any form, and, moreover, so unaccustomed to it, that she had always went half-way to meet any evidence of friendliness.

She generously pardoned Alfred in her heart, and resolutely shut her eyes to what the motives might be for his change of tactics; so that, when he asked her playfully for the flowers, she smiled brightly up into his face and answered gaily:

"Of course I have! I will pick you some fresh ones, cousin Alfred. Those I have given Sir Adrian as half faded; but yours shall be gathered fresh."

She ran down the steps and picked a small bunch from the garden-bed, and, twisting them together with one of their own slender leaves, gave them to him.

"Thank you, Kathleen," he said, retaining her hand for a moment in his; then, in a lower voice, he added, "May I take them as an offering of peace and forgiveness?"

"Oh, yes yes," she answered, blushing deeply, but speaking with heart-felt eagerness—"you know, cousin, that I have forgotten it all; and—and—if you were only always as you are to-day, what good friends we might be!"

"I will try, Kathleen," he answered quite gravely and simply; for, in spite of himself, her candor and her generosity touched him strangely, and something like real feeling towards her stirred in his hard and self-engrossed heart.

Then the gentlemen wished her good-bye, and, raising their hats to her, went down the broad gravel walk together, followed by the old keeper. Kathleen stood still for a few moments, where they had left her, shading her eyes from the sun and looking after them.

"Poor Alfred, he is not so bad after all!" she thought. "If he did not want to marry me, I should really almost like him! I am glad we have made it up."

Afterwards, in the dark days that were to come, she was more than glad—she was unspeakably thankful for it; and, with a deep and unutterable gratitude and relief, she learnt to recall every syllable which he and she had uttered to each other in that little parting scene.

Often and often she went over every word and every look and thanked Heaven from the bottom of her heart for those trivial friendly words which had passed between them.

After they had disappeared, she went into the house again, and, as she passed from the sunshine of the garden into the shadow of the oak panelled old hall, she sighed.

She had a great deal of work before her to-day—the time had nearly come for her to wish good-bye to the beautiful old house that had been her home. She had been unhappy in it very often; but still she had known some happy moments too at Clortell Towers; and she could never forget that it was here she had first known a father's love and had been loved as a daughter by him.

It was all of a piece with her sweet and kindly nature that, now that he was dead, she should forget entirely the many instances of his coldness and neglect, of his blindness to her interests and his failure to make her step-mother treat her with ordinary charity and civility.

She forgot how, at his wife's bidding, he had unhesitatingly sent her away from him for three whole years to school in a foreign country, and how he had purposed to marry her against her will to a man she did not love in order to gratify his own ambition.

All this had now faded from her mind; she remembered only his expressions of affection and admiration, the kindness of his manner and the tenderness of his kisses—she thought of the horses and the valuable pearl necklace he had so lately presented to her, and the effort he had made, when his own health was failing, to give a magnificient entertainment solely for her sake and for her pleasure.

All this filled her heart, and made her sad to think she must now leave the house which her father's presence had made a home to her. And where was she going to go?

Adrian had been reluctantly obliged to tell her of Lady Elwyn's refusal to give her a temporary shelter in her London house; and, although he had, as far as he could, softened her hard words and made them seem as little cruel as possible, still the fact remained that by this refusal Kathleen would on the Monday following be absolutely homeless.

By Adrian's advice she had written to the Duke of Cawthorn, asking him, as her father's old friend, to take her in for a few days; but there was a Duchess as well as a Duke, and rumor said that the Duchess was both crabbed and cross; and so Kathleen could not echo Adrian's heart-felt desire that the Duke might ask her to make her home permanently in his house.

She had however consented to ask leave to stay there for a week until she could receive an answer from an old schoolfellow in the North of Scotland who was now, through a sad change in her fortunes, earning the bread of tears and humiliation in a situation as governess.

Kathleen had at once remembered this friend—she was the same who had once ridden with her across the Belgian meadows in their wild scampers on horseback together.

She had written to offer her a home in London; but, as this plan could not be arranged without some necessary delay, she was now awaiting with some anxiety the Duke's answer to her letter.

Meanwhile she had all her packing to see about, and, going upstairs, was soon, with her little Belgian maid Louise, who was perfectly devoted to her mistress, deeply immersed in sorting, arranging, and packing her belongings.

While she was thus busily engaged, there was a knock at her door, and Noble, Lucille's maid, entered with a message from her mistress. Kathleen sprang gladly to her feet.

"Oh, certainly, Noble; I should like to see Miss Maitland extremely! Tell her I will come at once!"

Her face glowed with pleasure. If Lady Elwyn was relentless to her, Lucille at any rate meant to be kinder. How glad Kathleen felt! She smoothed her tumbled hair hastily and washed her dusty hands, and then quickly followed Noble to Lucille's room.

"Poor girl," thought the maid to herself, as she preceded her, and held the door open for her to pass, "I wouldn't give much for the welcome my missus is likely to give her, after all the spiteful things I've overheard her say to my lady about her!"

But Kathleen did not give Lucille time to welcome her either well or ill. She ran towards her impulsively, and, as Lucille rose slowly from her writing-table at her entrance, grasped her warmly by both hands.

"Oh, Lucille, how nice of you to send for me—and how glad I am to see you again! Are you better? Do you feel strong again? You ought to," she said enthusiastically, "for you look lovelier than ever! I declare your illness has improved you; your complexion is absolutely more exquisite than ever!"

It would not have been in female human nature—least of all in so vain a nature as Lucille's—not to be mollified by the words.

Kathleen was so genuine too; she had always admired Lucille's beauty immensely, and considered her own looks as infinitely inferior to hers.

If Lucille had willed it, she would have been a perfect slave to her, so profoundly did her gorgeous beauty impress her. Like all enthusiastic warm-hearted young girls, she had longed to have a friend whom she could love, and she had been ready to fall down and worship the woman whose beauty appealed to her so strongly if only she had been ordinarily kind and friendly to her.

Even now she was ready to forgive and forget the past; and her warm words and kindly looks showed how grateful she was to Miss Maitland that she had sent for her. Her first words proved the sincerity of her feelings.

"I was just wishing to see you above all things, Lucille; for I have something very special to say to you."

"Indeed!" replied Lucille, with chilling politeness. "Pray what is it? Will you not sit down?"

"I want you to do me a great and real kindness, Lucille."

"I am sure anything that is in my power," she began hesitatingly and coldly.

"Oh, yes; this is quite within your power! It is about my darling horse—not Sunbeam, who gave you that horrid fall, but Prince, whom you always admired so much. You know you have ridden him several times, and you always say you like him."

"She wants to sell him to me," said Miss Maitland to herself. "I'll not give more than sixty pounds for him. He's worth double; but, unless she makes it a dead bargain, I won't listen to her."

Then she said aloud:

"He's a nice horse of course—not much constitution, I imagine; Mr. Doyle fancied his wind was touched the last time we rode together."

"Oh, do you think so really? I am so sorry, because now perhaps you will not care about him—and I wanted you to accept him from me!"

"What do you mean? You want me to buy him?"

"Oh, dear, no! I don't want to sell him—I want to give him to you if you will accept him."

Even Lucille, grasping and cold-hearted as she was, was confused and almost ashamed at the liberality of the offer. She colored hotly.

"It is a very handsome present, Kathleen; I really don't know how I can," she began.

"Oh, yes, yes—please do!" urged the girl. "I don't want horses now, and I shall sell Sunbeam; but Prince is my favorite, and he suits you so well! Besides, Lucille, you and I have not always been very good friends, and, if it could make you feel any more kindly towards me—if you would look upon it as a little parting gift between us——"

Kathleen was by this time far the more confused of the two. Miss Maitland had very quickly recovered her composure. "If," she said to herself, "the girl is such a fool as to give me a hundred-and-twenty-pound present, I should be perfectly insane to refuse to take advantage of her simplicity!"

And then she said aloud:

"Very well then; since you put it in that way, of course I will take the animal. I dare say you want to find a good home for him; and, as you say you don't mean to ride in London, he would be of no use to you. Thanks very much—I'll have him. And now let me give you my aunt's message, which is the reason I have sent for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"CONFOUND you!" cried an artist to his model, who was dressed in chain armor from head to foot; "can't you keep still?" "Av you plase, sorr," replied the model, "we've shot a musketeer inside the mail!"

LADY BROOKE, who is one of the most famous leaders of London society, has been creating a sensation in the Essex hunting-field by appearing in a "pink" habit.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

He had played for his lordship's sleeve,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was weary,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew pinked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary,
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.

Idle Corner.

BY F. S.

HOW SUCH a proud, exacting, exclusive man as Sir Ambrose Darlaston could have fallen in love with such an uninteresting piece of simplicity as that little Eve Annecy, his only sister, Lady Fitzosborne, would protest vexedly that she could not understand,

She wished to see her brother married. Oh, yes; it would be immensely provoking if he died without heirs, and all the fine Darlaston estates passed to quite a distant branch of the family. Nor had she any personal dislike to Miss Annecy.

The young lady was well-born, tolerably pretty, and sweet-tempered; but there was nothing in her!—no style, no brilliancy!—in fact, she was positively insipid.

Sir Ambrose could not have agreed with his sister, for his happiest hours were spent by the side of his betrothed. He had discovered in her perfections of which Lady Fitzosborne did not dream.

He was satisfied that he had chosen well and wisely, and was anxious to wed; but there was an obstacle, and it was this.

Eve was an orphan, with only one near relative, a sister, who had married a naval officer, and gone abroad with him. In the pestilential air of Sierra Leone Captain Luttrell sickened and died. His fair young widow returned to England as soon as she was equal to the voyage, but one look in her face when she landed sufficed to tell that her days also were numbered.

Sir Ambrose was too unselfish to attempt to separate the sisters, who were reunited only to part again; and from his conservatories the most delicious fruit was sent to the invalid daily, whilst he ransacked the best shops in the metropolis for dainties to tempt her to eat.

But Grace Luttrell wanted nothing except Eve's society, and to live out her short span in some quiet spot on the south coast, where the breezes that sweep over ocean would cool her fevered cheek.

On learning this, Sir Ambrose was eager to be allowed to rent a mansion at Kemptown, or a villa at Scarborough; but while he was interviewing auctioneers, and answering advertisements, Mrs. Luttrell's maid, who had lived with her since her babyhood, heard of suitable lodgings at a fishing village in Dorsetshire.

As Mrs. Luttrell could not breathe freely in London, prompt measures were imperative, and she was removed to those apartments immediately.

Sir Ambrose was at the other end of England, drawn thither by an agent's glowing description of a seaside villa not far from Whitby.

He came back to town greatly provoked, for the report was a deception, and his temper was not improved when he learned that the destination of the sisters had been settled without him.

However, Eve had left a note for her lover that restored his good-humor, and before devoting a couple of days to some business of importance, he took a run down to Sandybeach to see the face he had learnt to love so dearly.

The weather was delightful, and Mrs. Luttrell was able to spend many hours on the beach. Indeed, she seemed so much better for the change, that Eve was gayer and more hopeful than she had ever been before.

Even the invalid laughed at her merry sallies, or watched her delightedly as she danced along the sands beside Sir Ambrose or sprang away to poise her light form on some huge boulder, whither she saucily dared him to follow.

At last Mrs. Luttrell's maid was obliged to warn them that twilight was approaching, and her mistress was easily chilled; and Eve grew more sober as she slipped her hand into her lover's arm, for he had said he must leave her again as soon as he had escorted her and her sister to their lodgings.

These were in the first of some half-a-dozen charming little houses perched on a natural terrace of the cliffs, and there were but two ways of reaching them; a flight of tolerably easy steps, with frequent resting-places, and the more circuitous route up a cleft, or chine, by which farmers brought their carts to fetch loads of seaweed from the beach.

To the steps there was but on objection: they could only be reached by crossing a small, sunny plateau, sheltered from the winds by the overhanging rocks, and so pleasantly situated that it had become the regular lounging-place of all the idlers from the fishermen's quarters just beyond.

Here the men, when not at sea, smoked and gossiped, leaning over a railing upon the low wall that protected it from high tides; and here the lads and hobbledehoys romped and wrangled.

The brow of Sir Ambrose grew black as night while he plioted the sisters past a rough group of young louts who would not move out of the way till a jerk from his powerful hand sent the most troublesome spinning into the midst of his shouting, mocking companions.

"This is atrocious!" exclaimed the angry Baronet, as a stone whizzed by his head. "Where are the police?"

"There is only one in the village, I believe," replied Eve. "He is a very mild young man, and I am afraid they laugh at him."

"They are positive savages! If I were the resident magistrate here!"

Wrath would not let Sir Ambrose go on; and Eve murmured:

"Savages indeed! No one appears to take any trouble on their account. Grace is so sorry for them."

"Mrs. Luttrell is an angel, or she would not waste a thought on such riff-raff," was the vehement reply. "My darling, you must not come from the beach this way any more."

Eve looked perplexed.

"The road is too long for Grace. She cannot walk so far."

"She can use a Bath chair. I will send one from town if you cannot hire a nice one here."

Sir Ambrose was thanked lovingly; but assured that neither his betrothed nor Grace had been molested by their uncivilized neighbors.

On the contrary, there had been an attempt on the part of the least boorish to hush their noisy companions when Mrs. Luttrell, leaning on her sister's arm, had tottered by.

"They must be wretches indeed who could quite resist the spell of her sad eyes!" Sir Ambrose responded; 'but you must not come in contact with them again. You are too pure and precious to breathe the same atmosphere with the canaille!"

He went away to make his first act, after his return to town, the selection of an invalid-chair on wheels, fitted with every comfort and appliance the ingenuity of man could devise.

He was pleased with himself for having taken all this trouble. Eve should requite him with her grateful caresses; and as he had frequently done before, he congratulated himself on having won the affections of so sweet, so docile a little creature. He could not have endured a wife whose heart was set on the dissipations of fashionable life; nor a strong-minded woman who would struggle for the mastery.

His will must be law; and he hugged himself on the certainty that Eve's obedience would be cheerfully, not sullenly, rendered.

The business that detained Sir Ambrose in town proved more troublesome than he anticipated. Instead of being able to return to Dorsetshire in a couple of days, it was a week before he was set free, and during his absence strange things had happened at Sandybeach.

One evening it was Sunday, and the more respectable occupants of the fishermen's cottages had gone to the chapel at the next village.

All the idlers had congregated at the corner, and were rather more riotous than usual, when Mrs. Luttrell came up from the sands, leaning on her sister.

Instead of walking on as rapidly as her increasing feebleness would permit, she made a pause, and then stepped into the very centre of the group lounging against the sea-wall.

"I am very tired," she said, gently, "will you let me rest here a little while? If you are willing to listen my sister will sing to you."

Without waiting for a reply, she seated herself on a large stone between a couple of the fisher lads, who stumbled away, half-laughing, half-confused, from the delicate lady in her deep mourning, her pure, spiritual face tinged with the hectic flush of excitement, her thin fingers clasped in those of Eve, who began to sing almost immediately.

She had one of those voices, fresh, bird-like, and yet sympathetic, that few can hear unmoved, and she had chosen one of the simplest but most stirring of the hymns with which services of song have made us familiar.

It had a chorous, which some of her auditors quickly caught up, and first hummed, and then sang with all their might and main.

Seeing that their interest was gained, Eve sang another, noting as she did so that all the buzz of talk and romping gradually died away.

Again and again she sang; then with a gentle "good night, I thank you for listening to me," led Mrs. Luttrell to the steps, where her maid was anxiously awaiting them.

On the following evening the same scene was repeated. No effort was made to preach at the wild lads; Eve simply put her whole heart into the words wedded to the pathetic or stirring melodies, that always ended with a refrain in which everyone could take part.

And so it happened that when Sir Ambrose arrived at Sandybeach, this was the sight he came upon at Idle Corner.

Mrs. Luttrell was lyidg back in the Bath-chair, she was too weak to sit up now, with Eve standing beside her, singing bravely, though her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, and a small crowd surrounding them.

In every available place sat or stood men, and boys, and weather-beaten fishwives, all breathless listeners to the sweet singer, all joining in heartily when she gave them the signal.

Sir Ambrose was breathless too, and did not attempt to approach his betrothed. He remained a passive but excessively angry spectator; while Mrs. Luttrell, as soon as her sister's voice ceased, held out her hand to the many who pressed forward to reverently clasp it in their horny palms.

The Bath chair was then pushed to the foot of the staircase cut in the rock, where half-a-dczen of the strongest of the young men raised it with its fragile occupant, and, stepping together with military precision, carried Mrs. Luttrell to the terrace above.

As soon as he found himself alone with Eve, the Baronet's displeasure burst forth. Not all her frank delight at seeing him could banish it.

"Good Heavens! my dearest, how could you commit such an extraordinary act?"

"But did you not notice how well they behaved?" asked Eve, eagerly. "Idle Corner is quite losing its ill-repute. Grace is so pleased!"

"I thought you were not the projector of such a fanatical scheme!" was the sharp retort. "But I am unutterably surprised that Mrs. Luttrell should have dragged you into it."

"You must not find fault with my sister," said Eve, gently, but firmly. "It grieved her to see these lads and men quite uncared for, and she asked me if I would help her to try and do what little she could for them. Every day she grows weaker; how could I thwart her?"

Sir Ambrose drew the weeping girl to his bosom.

"My precious love! I will try not to blame you even in my thoughts, though I cannot help regretting that you allow yourself to be so easily influenced."

"I have not done anything unladylike, Ambrose!"

His "N-n-o, perhaps not," was very dubious.

"But there are certain conv enances which my wife must always respect. What would my sister have thought if she had been here this evening? It must never happen again!"

"I am very sorry," faltered Eve, standing on tip-toe to touch his cheek with her lips.

"Of course you are, love; I understand that, and you will never——"

'Please stop, Ambrose. I meant to say that I am very much grieved to have vexed you; but I am not sorry I sang hymns at Idle Corner."

"Not sorry!"

"How can I be, if it has done a little good to those poor fellows, and pleased Grace? We must not live for ourselves, must we?"

Sir Ambrose's embrace relaxed, and he drew himself up stiffly.

"Do you forget that you are mine now?—that it is my wishes you ought to consider? If we had been married, as we should have been ere this, but for Mrs. Luttrell's illness, do you think I should have allowed you to make such a spectacle of yourself at a low fishing village?"

"I am afraid not," Eve murmured.

"Afraid! Be thankful that you are giving yourself to one who will guard you as the most precious jewel he possesses. Kiss me, my best, and dearest, and promise that from this moment you will take no part in such proceedings as those I have just witnessed."

"I am very sorry," said Eve again; "but I cannot make that promise. Nor can I ever surrender my will to yours as implicity as you demand."

"You will find enough to do at Darlaston Hall, without playing the Lady Bountiful. Give me the promise I ask, and let us drop the subject for ever."

But Eve, docile Eve, who was to have been was in his hands, would not give the promise; not even when told that her refusal would render it impossible for Sir Ambrose to continue the engagement. See wept, and listened meekly to his arguments and threats, but she was not to be prevailed with, and the Baronet retired to the nearest hotel in high dudgeon.

He stayed at Sandybeach long enough to ascertain that Eve sang to the fisher-lads on the following evening; after this he became implacable, went back to town, and started immediately for the Continent.

"If Eve had really loved him," he argued, "she would not have opposed his reasonable wishes. He would do his best to forget her."

But in this he did not succeed. He soon grew tired of the galeties of Vienna, and joined a party of adventurous spirits who were going overland to Persia.

Go where he would, Eve's image haunted him; and when he was seized with fever, and lay in the house of an English consul week after week, the vision that haunted his distracted brain were always of her.

As he slowly regained his health, the yearning to behold her grew stronger and stronger. He began to comprehend what he had lost in losing her, and to respect the firmness he had once stigmatized as obstinacy.

Just two years after his hurried departure from England he suddenly presented himself before Lady Fitzosborne. She screamed with delight, though she protested that he looked so worn and old she had scarcely recognized him.

Of all his friends and acquaintances she had plenty of gossiping details to give, but of Eve Annecy she knew nothing, except that Mrs. Luttrell had died a few days after Sir Ambrose crossed the Channel.

"But you went to Eve when you heard that she was alone in the world?"

"My dear brother, why should I? You know that I never thought her a good match for you."

Sir Ambrose said no more, but the next day he started for Sandybeach.

On the plateau at Idle Corner there had been erected to the memory of Grace Luttrell a modest substantial reading and coffee room, for the use of the fisher men and lads.

The elderly couple who were in charge readily answered his questions, but he scarcely needed telling that this memorial owed its existence to Eve.

"All the men had helped in it," his informant added. "They couldn't do no less seeing what those dear young ladies had done for them. Mrs. Luttrell was buried in the village churchyard; it was her own wish, and they 'tended the grave amongst 'em. The flowers grew rarely upon it."

Where was Miss Annecy to be found? She was a-governessing somewhere in one of the big cities, for, as they learned afterwards, she sunk her little all in the building, and in making provisions for its being properly kept up and taken care of.

"Yes, she had left her address with him," the old man added, "for she was pleased to hear from any of the boys as would write to her, and here it was."

From an old book of devotions the address was carefully drawn. The writing was Eve's and Sir Ambrose left a tear upon the paper.

She was at Manchester, and thither he hastened, torn with many doubts.

In one of the pleasantest spots in the vicinity of Manchester he found the house to which he was directed. A smart young gardener was sweeping up leaves on the carriage-drive, and volunteered the information that there was no one at home. Missus and the young ladies had gone to the church to see the governess married.

Without replying, indeed scarcely knowing what he did, Sir Ambrose turned and walked away. This was a punishment too

thoroughly deserved to be rebelled against. He had forsaken Eve just as she needed the support of his affection, and some braver, nobler man had torn her from him.

He paused at the gate, and folding his arms upon it, was meditating sorrowfully on this bitter disappointment, when suddenly Eve stood before him, older, more pensive, but not less beautiful than when he last saw her.

One shy, swift look at the face that grew radiant at sight of her, and Eve fluttered into his embrace, pity for the lines suffering had left on his features combining with the old love to make him dearer than ever.

"But this is your wedding-day!" and she was suddenly released.

"Mine! You have been misinformed; I have just come from the wedding of Miss Haynes, who has been finishing off Mrs. Ayrton's elder girls. I only teach and take care of the little ones. Oh, Ambrose, did you think I could every forget you?"

"Then I am more blest than I deserve to be," he said.

And perhaps he was right, for even Lady Fitzosborne has been heard to acknowledge that Eve makes the best of wives; and the Baronet under her influence, has softened into a good and genial man.

The Snowdrop.

BY S. U. W.

IN THE MILDER European climates the snowdrop, like the hellebore or Xmas rose, often blooms in the middle of snow. It is probably due to the effect of these exquisitely fragile blossoms, nodding their delicate heads above the fleecy snow, that we owe the following legend:

Once upon a time, in that delightful long, long ago, when all kinds of marvels were possible, there lived in the south of France a baron, whose name was a by-word for cruelty.

Not far from his frowning castle stood an humble cottage, in which lived an old, old man. His family had been faithful servants of their feudal lords for many generations, and he himself had worked from the time his hands could hold a spade.

His wife was gone; many a brave son had fallen in the battles of their master, and their wives had died of grief, so all that now remained to the poor old man was one tiny blossom—a little six-year-old grandchild.

Jeanne Marie had already learned to make herself useful. She could sweep the floor, make the fire, and put handfuls of snow in the iron pot to cook their poor, coarse soup.

That year, however, a heavy load of responsibility had been laid on the tiny shoulders. The winter was cold and severe, and her grandfather became so crippled with rheumatism as to be unable to move hand or foot. The neighbors were kind, and the little one ran of errands, knitted and mended a little, and did all she could to keep the wolf from the cottage door.

Alas! it was but little a baby girl could do and times were very hard. Now, in midwinter, the direst misfortune of all had come to that household, for the baron declared that he would no longer allow his cottage to be cumbered with such useless lumber; and that the next day the old man and his grandchild should be flung out by the roadside. It was certain death.

"God help me!" cried the old man, as he heard the cruel sentance; "it is time for me to go; but my little one, my poor little one!"

Little Jeanne Marie thought not of herself, but she loved her grandfather dearly, and it was so hard to think of his having the cruel white snow for his only bed, that she formed a project which she proceeded to put in execution the next morning.

There was a little chapel by the wayside at which the baron assisted every morning at a "hunting mass," which, be it explained for the edification of our readers, is a mass shorn of its preliminary parts and beginning at the canon itself, so that it usually occupies only about fifteen minutes.

It was a form of devotion much favored by the rude medivael barons. When the stately train passed out of the chapel, the little one flung herself before the baron's horse, crying out, "Have pity, gracious lord; have pity, my grandfather will die if you turn us out!"

"A good riddance of bad rubbish," returned the feudal tyrant. "Get away, child: get away!"

"Oh, my lord, have pity, have pity!" wailed despairingly the little girl.

"Yes," he replied with a grin, spurning the head of the prostrate child with his spurred boot, "I will have pity when yonder yard is covered with flowers, blooming in the midst of snow."

The child watched with anguished eyes the gay hunting party ride off, and not daring to return home to carry the evil tidings, went into the little chapel where, as it was Christmas time, an image of the baby Christ lying in a manger, was placed at the foot of the altar.

The infant Saviour's hands were compassionately stretched out towards his baby sister, and Jeanne Marie, with all a child's faith began her pitiful tale.

She wept and prayed, and prayed and wept, scarcely knowing what she did, only remembering that a divine being, who loved her with an infinite love, was listening to her plaint.

Hours passed away, and it was not until she heard the hounds and horns of the returning cavalcade that she left her post, somewhat consoled and determining to make another wild effort.

But what was her amazement, on passing through the churchyard, to see blithely nodding their delicate white heads, streaked with green, myriads of little flowers blooming in the midst of the snow.

Rushing joyously forward she seized the baron's bridle rein, crying out:

"Now, my lord, you must have pity, for see! flowers are blooming among the snow."

Vile as was the baron, he could not gainsay his knightly word, and the legend goes on to tell us he was a changed man from that hour.

Alas! in this degenerate age, have not many of us often wished that flowers would sometimes miraculously spring up to soften the hearts of men.

DREAMS AND SLEEP.

Cicero wrote that if it had been so ordered by nature that we should do in sleep all we dream of doing, every man would have to be bound down before going to bed. It is strange, passing strange, that one third of our lives are so liable to a derangement of the mental power, as dreaming is. There is an intimate connection between dreaming and insanity, so much so as to gain attention of psychologists and physiologists. Dr. Marshall Hall, believed that sleep is produced either by some construction of the great vessels of the neck, or by a sluggishness of the respiration organs; either cause leading to a venous condition of the blood calculated to produce somnolency. The absence of volition, says Dr. Dunlin, distinguishes the state of sleep from the waking state. There are many reasons, in dreaming, which lead to the conclusion that different parts of the brain sleep unequally, and this unequality may arise from the position of the head directing a fuller flow of blood to one part of the brain than to others, or from its detention in given portions. Disraeli, in his Contarini Fleming, says: "I have sometimes half believed, although the suspicion is mystifying, that there is only a step between his state who deeply indulges in imaginative meditation, and insanity, for I well remember when I indulged in meditation to an extreme degree, that my senses appeared to be wandering. I cannot describe the peculiar feelings I then experienced, but I think it was that I was not always assured of my identity or even existence; for I found it necessary to shout aloud to be sure I lived; and I was in the habit very often at night of taking down a volume and looking into it for my name, to be convinced that I had not been dreaming of myself." Sir Walter Scott said, that the only difference between the two states, is that in dreams the horses run away with the coach whilst the coachman is asleep; in lunacy the runaway takes place whilst the coachman is drunk. There have been cases in which the first outburst of insanity commenced in a dream. Dr. Dinsior says, a gentleman who had previously manifested no appreciable symptoms of mental disorders or even of disturbed or anxious thoughts, retired to bed apparently in a sane state of mind upon rising in the morning, to the intense horror of his wife, he was found to have lost his senses. His wife said that during the previous night he appeared to be under the influence of what she considered nightmare or a frightful dream. Whilst apparently asleep, he cried out several times, evidently in great distress of mind: "Don't come near me! Take that away. Oh, save me, they are pursuing me!" L. G. W.

Petulent contentions engender malice.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS.—Do you believe in witches, spirits, elves, fairies, vampires, ghouls, ogres, imps, gnomes, bogies, brownies, pixies or leprehauns?

Do you believe in an evil genius?

Do you believe in the evil eye?

Do you believe in a bottomless pit?

Do you believe in a devil with horns, cloven feet and a long spiked tail?

Would you pass a night in a graveyard or church, with a corpse in a church or in a charnel house?

Do you wear anything which can be considered in the nature of a talisman or mascot?

Do you ever employ anything as a talisman?

Do you attach any meaning to a four-leafed clover?

Would you willingly pass under a ladder?

Do you feel uncomfortable when you spill salt?

Would you sit down with thirteen at a table?

Would you start on a trip on a Friday, or would you defer commencing an important work on that day?

Do you attach any particular importance to certain numbers, especially to three, seven and nine?

Would you give a child of yours the same name as that of one who had just died?

Are you afraid of the dark?

Did you ever have your fortune told by gypsy, astrologer, cards, or any similar test?

Were you ever made uneasy by hearing the insect commonly known as the death-watch?

Would you venture to knock three times at midnight on the door of an empty church?

Do you believe in dreams, omens, portents, signs, warning, harbingers, or handwritings on the wall?

TREATMENT OF FIRE BURNS.—One who was severely burned all over the body while engaged at a fire gives the following particulars of the treatment of his burns, and the suggestions he offers may be useful. He says: I will not attempt to picture the suffering I endured, as any work on surgery give a good description of the symptoms. I will simply allude to the treatment, which I found very effective. Carron oil, as an external application, failed to give me any relief.

After suffering twenty-four hours, an old lady advised me to use fresh-slacked lime. This suggested an idea, which we acted upon at once. Lime and distilled water were mixed together to the consistency of thick cream, then equal parts of linseed oil were added; this mixture relieved the pain. This dressing was continued until suppuration set in. We then used an ointment composed of acid carbolic, one drachm; vaseline, six ounces; mix. This was continued as long as any dressing was required.

The following facts I learned from my painful experience: 1. When called to treat a severe burn, give morphia subcutaneously to relieve pain, and whiskey internally to guard against the cold stage, which will set in about one hour after the injury. 2 Officinal lime water does not contain enough lime to make the first dressing for a burn. 3 Do not puncture blisters, or remove the burned and detatched skin. 4 During suppuration, keep parts clean, and change dressing often.

Never use liquids; a soft piece of old linen dressed gently upon the parts will remove the matter; avoid rubbing, as it will not only cause pain but damage granulation. 5 Watch the granulations carefully. Should they raise up above the surface touch them with nitrate of silver. 6 As soon as soreness will admit use splints and bandages to avoid the contraction cicatrization is liable to produce.

THE SIAMESE.—All Siamese birthdays are celebrated on New Year's Day, and at this time the curious custom of hair-cutting is observed. When a boy reaches the age of eleven or fifteen, and a girl that of nine or thirteen, they are considered no longer children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is allowed to grow just above the forehead, and is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held together with a long gold or jewelled pin. At the the base of this knot is worn a wreath of fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of hair-cutting often last five or six days. It is the coming-out party of the boy or girl, and thereafter they are not permitted to mingle with the other sex as children, but are considered to have arrived at a marriageable age.

Keep your tongue within your teeth.

Scientific and Useful.

SPONGES.—A German professor has hit upon the plan of cutting off pieces of living spong and planting them in a suitable place in the sea. In this way he has succeeded in producing 4000 sponges, at a cost of 45 dollars.

CEMENT FOR WOOD.—Common shellac dissolved in enough alcohol to make it of the consistency required produces an excellent cement for wood; it will unite the fractured legs of chairs and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

DECANTERS, ETC.—When decanters and carafes become so discolored inside that shot or fine coal will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly, and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright as when new.

INDIAN INK MARKS.—To remove Indian ink marks from the skin, prick in warm goat's milk over the ink until the blood flows freely. The process is the same as that employed in making the marks. Another plan is to apply to the part a blister larger than the mark; keep the spot open for a few days, then dress with some healing ointment, and, as the new skin grows, the Indian ink marks will disappear.

IVORY.—A pretty fair substitute for ivory can be manufactured from the bones and hides of cattle. The bones are macerated and bleached in chloride of lime for two weeks, then heated by steam, together with the hides, until a fluid mass is formed, and to this a small quantity of alum is added. Filtered, dried, and hardened in an alum bath, it yields white, tough plates, which closely resemble ivory, and are more easily worked than the natural product.

SULFONAL.—A new opiate called "sulfonal" has been discovered, which has the property of inducing sleep in invalids, particularly in nervous people and those affected with heart disease; but not in healthy subjects. An accident led to the discovery of the sleep producing property of "sulfonal." It had been administered to some dogs with quite a different intention, and the animals first were affected as if with intoxication, and afterwards fell into a deep sleep. Experiments made have proved that "sulfonal" is a harmless and certain means of producing sleep in invalids.

Farm and Garden.

FLAT ROOFS.—Flat roofs make the warmest buildings for stock, but they will also increase the heat within such buildings in summer. In constructing a stable, poultry-house or pig-house with a flat roof make ventilator holes near the highest point, so as to close them in winter or open them in summer.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—For the great mass of farmers the cheapest, safest and best method of improving their stock is the continued use of good and pure bred sires on the best females obtainable, but the present low prices of pure bred stock makes it an especially good time in which to lay the foundation for a full bred flock or herd.

BREED OF COWS.—Notwithstanding some breeds of cows seem to be better adapted to the dairy than others are, prize butter has been made from the milk of nearly every breed known to the American market. Do you realize, reader, how much the buttermaker has to do with the superiority of butter? Breed affects profit vastly more than it does quality.

A WORTHY STUDY.—Study to make manure—keep such a class as farm animals as will best convert all coarse fodder, with the least amount of grain, into manure. Would it not be more profitable to feed out that hay, stalk or straw stack than to sell it. In computing the value of barn yard manure few take into consideration the humus matter, which most farms need as badly as the chemical ingredients.

THE COLLEGES.—It is acknowledged that the purpose for which agricultural colleges were established in the several States, and to which the Government contributed by liberal grants of land and money, has not been realized. The colleges do not educate men for the farms, but for professions, and the tendency of their teachings has been to draw young men from the farms, instead of fitting them for work on them.

SORROWS are gardeners—they plant flowers along waste places and lead vines to cover barren heaps.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE POST earnestly hopes that those of its friends and readers who are kindly in the habit of getting up clubs, will try at least to double their old lists, and that such of our readers as have not heretofore sent us a club will try to do so now.

We intend getting a great many additional clubs this year, and trust every one of our present subscribers will make an extra effort to secure one or more new friends for us.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first-class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation.

Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get one new subscriber at least.

Send us the names and addresses of your friends and neighbors and we will mail them sample copies immediately upon their receipt.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both present to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

CONTRADICTION should awaken our attention and care, but not our passion. We should be on no side of interest but that of truth.

The New Year.

It is doubtful if there is a time in man's life when he is so apt to think seriously of matters and things in general—supposing he is given to thinking at all—as on the coming of a New Year. The return of these anniversaries seem to have such an important message for all, that those who do not stop for a moment and ask what bearing its message may have upon themselves, are very few indeed.

The passing away of the old year and the establishment of the new in its place, is to many like the fresh start in a house hold where death has lately been. While we may not have done all we should to the one that is gone; while we feel in the depths of our hearts that we have failed time and again in our duty towards them, we are inspired and raised to something better by the hope that a determination to be worthier towards those yet remaining, will be accepted as a partial recompense for past neglect. So with the old and new years. The one has left us forever with its history of what has been done and what left undone; with its ineffaceably written record of so much of our life's history; while the other offers in its as yet white pages of days and months the opportunity to make worthier entries than in that just closed, and running up a fairer balance of good as opposed to evil, against the time when all earthly concerns are as an old year to us, and we prepare to enter in upon the eternal New.

But while youth, forgetful of the ground passed over, is apt only to keep its eye fixed upon the future, none of us, young or old, can afford to neglect the lessons that this season and this day brings with it. We are like the traveler who has come to the forks of the road and inquires of himself, Which shall I take? A choice must be decided on sooner or later, and he is both wise and fortunate who decides best at first.

To help us in this decision we need to glance behind as well as before us. If we plodded along thus far earnestly, faithfully, truthfully; if we have done what good we could and as little harm; if we have recognized and respected the rights of others as our own; if, in short, we have lived as Christian moral men and women, then a choice is easily made. We go along the same road in the New Year that we have followed in the old, and may be sure that, whether short or long, rain or shine, we are on the proper path, and that our journey will come to a happy end.

But if we have been the opposite of all this—and by stopping at this dividing line of Time and gazing over the o'ergone year we can find it out—there is certainly need of care as to how we choose. If we have marked our way with the sorrows of others; if we have been faithless to the trust put in us by the Almighty when he gave us an earthly destiny, the old year could not wear a nobler funeral wreath, or the new one a fairer crown, than an honest resolve to do better in the future! To hope for what is better; to struggle manfully for it; to, if possible, *be* it. Then, indeed, New Year's, instead of standing like a grim giant pointing at forgotten manhood and neglected opportunities, will be a remembrance like unto Mizpah, in the Scriptures: the watch tower that watches and marks the compact between us and the Lord.

INDUSTRY will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost anything. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best to serve, industry or idleness.

A MAN that hath no virtue in himself never envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contented the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and, contrari-wise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thought distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret.

THEY are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

A MAN'S name is not like a mantle, which merely hangs about him, and which one perchance may safely twitch and pull; but a perfectly fitting garment which, like the skin, has grown over and over him, at which one cannot rake and scrape without injuring the man himself.

LEARNING like traveling and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

YOU must be sure of two things; you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin. And the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else.

YOUR conversation—of what character if it? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by its fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity,

IT has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy." Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

PLEASURE is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

To be worth anything character must be capable of standing firmly on its feet in the world of daily work, temptation and trial, and able to bear the wear and tear of actual life. Cloistered virtues do not count for much.

THE man who is one thing to day and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and just does nothing from one year's end to the other.

GOD'S livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reason to be content. It is have not so much gold lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and besides, it is a great deal cheaper.

THE devil tempts men through their ambitions, their cupidity, their appetites, until he comes to the profane swearer, whom he clutches without any reward.

HASTY words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

To reprove small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as to seek to remove a fly from a friend's forehead with a sledge-hammer.

THE Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying:—"The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter."

The World's Happenings.

A machine for buttering bread is the latest electric invention.

A farm near Macduff, Scotland, has been handed down from father to son for 300 years.

Between seventy and eighty horses are slaughtered daily in Berlin. The flesh is sold at 4 cents per pound.

Diminutive cigar boxes gotten up in oxidized silver, in imitation of the original, are used now for cigarettes.

There is a tendency in aristocratic circles to alternate linen buttons with diamond studs for full dress wear.

A 900 pound hog was recently butchered near Laurel, Del. It was heavier than one of the farmer's horses.

The electric cars in use in various cities are believed to be a great help to people afflicted with chronic rheumatism.

Five hundred people lately engaged in a bear hunt near Uniontown, W. Va., and succeeded after a long chase, in killing the brute.

Two Cincinnati babies born to Mrs. Drescher and Mrs. Tibbies, respectively within a week, were provided with well-formed teeth.

"Professor" James Earle, of the Five Corners, Jersey City, predicts that there will be at least 19 heavy snow-storms, thereabouts, this winter.

English hares are becoming so numerous in sections of New Jersey that farmers there fear they will soon be as great a nuisance as the sparrow.

Chinese pills are just the size of crab apples, and are covered with a semi-transparent sugary substance covered with flowers and gilt letters.

A Wheeling man who recently moved from one house to another found in a closet of his new residence a coat with $35 in a roll in the inside pocket.

Over 65 000 elephants are killed every year in Africa. The ivory obtained from their tusks, brings in the raw state something like four million dollars.

The King of Italy used to smoke all day, and every day, an endless chain of green cigars, and has done so until he has joined the long list of invalided monarchs.

Daring highway robbers in Pittsburg, mounting a delivery wagon, threw the driver out and then drove rapidly off. The vehicle contained $60 worth of tobacco.

In Russia most of the leaders of the military bands were Germans or Austrians. But henceforth they must be Russian subjects, and, if possible, of Russian origin.

A wealthy Colorado woman says that the begging letters which have reached her in the last 6 weeks called, in the aggregate, for a sum of money as large as her entire fortune.

Brazil is so vast and yet so poorly equipped a country in remote sections the people, it is said, do not yet know of Dom Pedro's deposition and the establishment of the republic.

Four tramps were put up at public auction in Missouri, the purchaser of each being entitled to his services for four months. Two of them brought $2 each, one 75 cents, and no bidders for the fourth.

Mrs. Wise, of Eaton county, Michigan, who celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary recently, has living 10 children, 56 grandchildren, 25 great grandchildren, and 14 great, great grandchildren.

"Newspaporial" is a new word recently coined by a Washington correspondent. It is acceptable if it does not establish a precedent for magaziniferous, comiweeklopolital and society-journalisticitous.

The fair ladies of Paris are much given to Gallicising English verbs. Some time ago they seized upon "5 o'clock tea," and made all manner of comical phrases from it. Now they have annexed the verb "to shop."

Dennis Deanhue, of Madison, Wis., who amused the people by swallowing live reptiles and knives, died the other day. A post-mortem examination was made, and five jack-knives were found in his stomach, one with the blades open.

Over 100 little children at Fort Madison, Ia., are in tears. A burglar broke into the Methodist church at that place and stole from their "little mite jugs" every penny they had been saving for Christmas. The total amount taken was about $100.

Some days ago "Babe" Burch, of Adairsville, Ga., received a letter from some honest soldier of the late war, saying that on the march he went into the field of Mr. Burch's father and took eight roasting ears of corn, for which he inclosed a dollar bill.

"Why do you always invite Scarecrow to your house?" she asked. "He is an old friend," he replied. "That's no reason. He is horribly ugly and gives me the nightmare." "Yes but he amuse children so much, and it's cheaper than a magic lantern."

A man named Laird, at Battle Ground, Ind., a short time ago went to a neighbor's hogpen, killed a fat porker, dressed it up in men's clothes, putting a hat on its head, and then placed it on the seat beside him in his buggy. But the trick was detected, and he was arrested.

Great excitement prevailed in Bologna a few weeks ago in consequence of the discovery that some of the largest sausage-makers had been using the meat of diseased cattle, horses and hogs for some time. A crowd of 400 gathered in front of one of the butcher shops and demolished the windows.

A remarkable spot in Vermont is the farming town of Waltham, which contains 9760 acres of land and has 246 inhabitants. "It has no postoffice, church, town house, poorhouse, store, lawyer, doctor, blacksmith's shop, or even a bridge, and yet it is one of the thriving towns of Addison county. Its taxes are merely nominal."

FOREVER YOUNG.

BY A. E. M.

The wild world hastens on its way;
The gray-haired century nears its close;
Its sorrow deepens day by day;
The summer blush forsakes the rose.

But, darling, while your voice I hear,
And while your dark brown eyes I see,
Sad months and sunless seasons drear
Are all the same, all glad to me.

They say that love forsakes the old,
That passion pales and fades away;
That even love's bright locks of gold
Must lose their charm and change to gray;

But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With summer light and tenderest blue.

On New Year's Eve.

BY I. L. W.

TELL it again! Why, my dears, I've told it you a hundred times; "not all of you," you say, and not the real proper story. Well, you are all here to-night, and I will tell the real proper story once again.

We were sitting in the firelight on that New Year's Eve a great many years ago, just as we are now, only such a different party, and it was earlier in the evening. Mr. Hart never liked the candles to be lit unless we were working, and this evening none of us seemed inclined to do anything.

Somehow, one's thoughts grow wilful and lonely when the year, that has grown into an old friend, is leaving us for ever, and the one we do not know and do not care for, is taking its place.

I think Mr. Hart was chiefly ruminating on the coal, and once, when the fire had been replenished, he moved the lumps carefully, because he fancied their position conducive to rapid and cheerful consumption.

Yet once, I do remember—and never before that New Year's Eve—that I saw him cautiously, and scientifically, give the fire one encouraging poke.

I have such a picture of him, in my memory, as he sat there in his own particular corner, where he was a fixture for the greater part of the winter days, for he used to say it paid him well to stay at home and watch the fires, ready to nip any incipient extravagance in the bud.

Ponderous and pale he sat there, looking into the grate with eyes that seemed to see no bright picture for the year that was coming, and to look back upon no bright ones in the year that was going.

I remember that I wondered, as I had wondered often before, now he had won his pretty little, gentle wife. Since then I have often wondered so of other couples, and of other marriages I could not understand; but then we see so little way—such a hair's breadth compared to One who lets us work so much towards our great aim, by the power of that non-understandable thing, called Love.

Then there was Mrs. Hart next her husband, on a low easy-chair, (he didn't buy it as you will see, for little easiness would any chair of his choosing have possessed); she leaned her head on her hand and looked into the fire too, casting now and then a little glance across at her aged mother.

And most distinct of all to me is the remembrance of the old lady, as she sat in the opposite corner, her thin delicate hands lying idle on her black dress, and a wonderful sweet calm upon her face, a face it did one good to look upon; a face to still one's restless impatience, to raise and purify one's girlish and uncertain longings.

Only those who loved her so dearly could see, that, spite of the bright sweet smile, there was a shadow upon her—a vague something of half-understood sorrow, that disturbed the waters, yet hardly stirred the peace that lay so deep.

This was what it was, and I went over the story slowly, in my mind, as I tried to set it right and see a comfortable end among the smouldering coals.

I was only the governess, truly, and when the school broke up, and the children went home for their Christmas holidays, you might have thought the tie between us would have parted; but I was an orphan, and had few to care for me in the wide world, and the dearest perhaps of all to me was the dear old lady beside whom I sat, making the last of the fire-side party, and trying to see a cheerful ending to the story I recalled.

Just twenty years ago, before old Mr. Lifford's death, their only daughter married sorely against her father's will, and their eldest son, Martin, came from abroad, (a stern, selfish, worldly man), and took his place among the wealthy London merchants, and gave apparently no thought and no remembrance to his parents, whose hopes were centred now upon their youngest son, Hugh, an easy, loving, careless fellow, whose chief aim in life was to be unencumbered and let alone.

About ten years after this, Mr. Lifford died, and when his will was read there were many odd things said about his idea of justice, and his evident mistrust of his son-in-law, and fear of his eldest son, whom nevertheless, he strictly treated as his heir.

His pension, of course, died with him, but all else that he possessed he left to Martin, furniture and plate and everything, so preventing the possibility of Mr. Hart's defrauding in any way his wife, whom he had left in charge of her sons, understanding that she would live on at the old place during her life.

Hugh was settled in Glasgow, and when she proposed to him that she would take in Ellen and her husband, who, as usual, was not doing anything very particular just then in the way of a profession, Hugh saw no reason to trouble any one with a "no," and it was done.

But after a few years, Mr. Hart, wearied of living languidly upon Mr. Hugh, began making plans for forming a home of his own, which continually failed, as they had failed ever since he was old enough to form any.

At last he thought of something that appeared feasible; more feasible than the hundred other things, and more pleasant, because the onerous part would devolve upon his wife.

He took a house at Hillswood, about twelve miles from Deeborough, the county town—a large, low house standing in a pretty garden—and advertised for pupils for a select ladies' school, and for a teacher to assist in the instruction of those same pupils.

Half-a-dozen mothers answered the first requirement, and sent their daughters hopefully to Hillswood, and I answered the second, and came to Hillswood to teach them.

I had felt so fearful of my young face not winning me the respect necessary to awe girls half a head taller than myself, and one or two as old (for I was not eighteen), that I selected a few sombre caps, which I made to look as matronly as I, with my innate love of pretty things, could bear, and adopted them at once.

Mr. Hart furnished his new house easily by taking his mother-in law to live with them—portable property in tow.

The old lady, with no thought but for her child, bade good-bye to the house where she had spent so many years; wrote an account of her arrangements to Mr. Hugh, who sent word back, if she were happy, it was all he wished, and then they moved to Hillswood, and I met them there, very frightened at my first essay of life, and very nervous about my caps.

Before that first summer was over there came one day a summons for the old lady, Ellinor Lifford, to answer for the removal and appropriation of the property of Martin Lifford.

"Martin cannot mean this," said the old lady, with wistful eyes; but Mr. Hart broke in with pious wrath.

"It was a scandalous thing," he said; "Martin had been led into it—had forgotten it by now, most probably, and the safest thing would be to let it alone and take no notice."

"Would it really?" she said.

"Certainly," he replied; "the only thing she could do with dignity."

"Not quite that," she answered, with the dignity without which she did nothing. "Ellen, my dear, I will write to Martin, though my eyes are almost past their office. Otherwise, I will take no notice of this insult—of this mistake, I mean."

Mr. Hart turned away with a muttered imprecation against the brother-in-law who had so little appreciation of him, and Mrs. Hart kissed her mother's forehead, on which, in spite of her eighty years, there were fewer wrinkles than on her own, and turned to me.

"Miss Merlyn," she said, "do give the children a half-holiday, and help mother with her letter."

You may laugh now at the thought of being helped over a letter; but I assure you it was a very serious performance in those days, and thought of with great anxiety for some time before it was attempted.

Indeed, you never saw such astonishment as there was in the village when I brought my new-fangled notions from the city with me, and wrote long letters without even a dictionary.

Well, we wrote the letter between us. I pleaded for a letter to go to Mr. Hugh, too, for I had a vague dread of the power of the Ecclesiastical Court (this was before the days of Probate Courts, you know), and though I knew nothing of it really, as I say, I had a vague dread of its power. But the gentle words were very firm.

"My dear," said she, "would I tell Hugh this of Martin, when I, his own mother, burn with shame to think of it? No, let it be put right without hot words. Poor Martin has been misadvised—this will put it right. You finish it for me. Tell him my eyes are tired, but that I am his loving mother, and that I know he does not mean it, and that I have perfect confidence in him always. Let me sign it; he will know his mother's signature," added the old lady, and I was obliged to wink very hard, for the tears would start when I saw the two trembling words so hard to read.

We had heard nothing since, nor even mentioned it, though I almost fancy we were all thinking of it that evening.

"Honour," said Mrs. Hart, at last breaking the silence, "is it snowing still?"

I rose to draw back the curtains.

"Yes," said I, "fast."

"Listen!" she said; "I think I hear wheels."

We all listened, of course, and Mr. Hart came to the window to me.

"Ellen," said her mother, breathlessly, with her eyes bright, "it must be Martin come himself to tell me it is all right—perhaps to say that he is sorry."

When I felt how my heart had bounded at her words, I knew how much of fear there had been there. He was come surely, for I saw a post chaise turn in at the gate. Ah, we should have a happy New Year's Day!

"Don't you come out into the cold, mother," said Mrs. Hart; "you stop here, and I will bring him in at once."

I followed Mrs. Hart into the hall, which her husband didn't think it worth his while to do, and we stood at the door as the chaise stopped.

"Ann," said Mrs. Hart, anxiously, to her maid, who came to look on, "open the carriage door when it stops; your master has forgotten."

The girl ran down the snowy steps, and though the door had been opened, she stood there holding it, with the snow-flakes on her cap. It was a stranger who got down, after all; and when another stranger followed, we drew back a little.

They were not gentlemen—even I could see that at a glance, and their very first action proved it. They came into the lighted hall, and stood there among us with their hats on.

"Ellinor Lifford," said one at last, reading the name from a paper in his hand, "our business is with her."

"Here," said the old lady from the doorway; "I thought it was my son, but I suppose it is a message from him. Yes, I am Ellinor Lifford."

The second, who had waited near the door, when he saw her, called to the driver:

"Put your horses up, and be ready in the morning at ten."

Then he took upon himself to shut the door, and he looked round upon us.

"Comrade," said he, "tell her what you want."

"This paper," said the other man less roughly, "authorizes me to seize living or dead, the body of Ellinor Lifford, that she may be confined in jail for the rest of her life, or buried within the walls."

"Go on," said the other as he stopped.

"Never mind," answered the first man, folding the warrant or bill of excommunication, or whatever they call it, for I did not understand it at all, and I can only tell how it was, and (as you may guess) I never cared to inquire much about it afterwards.

"He's too tender hearted, is old Owen," said the rough man whose name turned out to be Pugh, "and he don't like to mention it; but you have to take the consequences of contempt of the Ecclesiastical Court, ma'am, and you're shut out from the blessed privileges of the Church for ever. Hollo, she's fainting!"

"No, I'm not fainting," said the white lips; "I only want to be alone."

"Sorry, madam," said Pugh, "that your only wish must be denied you, for we dare not leave you alone."

Owen drew him aside and whispered for a moment, but Pugh shook his head slowly.

"One of us," returned he, "must keep an eye upon her; you or me."

"Then I will," said his companion, "you go down to supper."

We went back into the diningroom, Mrs. Lifford leaning heavily upon my shoulder, and as she went, she whispered:

"Thank God it is not Hugh."

Mrs. Hart seemed as if she could do nothing but look at her mother through her tears. Owen walked about the room till the lights came in, and tried to get up a little conversation with Mr. Hart.

I hurried the tea, and made it, and, in defiance of the master, stirred the fire into a blaze; then I called them all to the table.

"We thank Thee, Oh God, for these thy mercies, and pray Thee to strengthen us to bear what Thou wilt send, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

I never could forget my dear old lady's grace that night, so firmly, though so quietly spoken, as we stood round the table. The man Owen took his seat as I began to pour out the tea; but he had the thought to sit far away from her; so I actually had to help him. I hope he was fond of sugar, for he took care to put none in.

Not only paler than ever, but more helpless, too, was poor Mr. Hart. His wife only seemed to cling to her mother, and cry.

My eyes burned as if they never could feel the relief of tears again; but I tried to talk, and not show all our sad and bleeding hearts to this stranger. The dear old lady was the most calm of all.

I saw her lips quivering when she looked across at Owen; but once she even spoke to him; it was as she rose from the table:

"What time must we leave to-morrow?"

"At ten the chaise is ordered," he replied.

"Can you go if this snow continues?" she asked.

"We must go, ma'am, any way," he replied.

"Then I will be ready," said the old lady. "I should like to go to my room, now, Ellen."

We both went up with her, but she seemed to wish to bid us good night at the door of her room.

"Nelly," she said, drawing down her daughter's hands from the weeping eyes, and calling her by her childish name, "Nelly, somebody who said 'When my father and mother forsake me,' knew, too, what it was for his son to forsake him, and he said, 'The Lord taketh me up.' Good-night, my loving child."

Just at that minute we noticed a figure against the balusters behind us; a figure never there before.

"What do you want?" said I, quickly, in my impatient ignorance of the man's motive.

"I am waiting until my prisoner goes into her room," was the reply, "then I must have the key."

Mrs. Lifford drew up her head, and said:

"Good-night once more, my dears. No, I will not have either of you with me. It makes no difference to me to be locked in dear Nelly. It is only needless. I am too old and weak to battle with the strong arm of the law."

Pugh turned the key upon her, and when he had taken it away, we two sat down there at her door, and cried miserably.

Now a girl in a book would have known how to comfort the poor daughter, but I confess I didn't; and so we both cried because we didn't know what would be wise to do, and I believe if it had not been for Mr. Hart, the dawn would have found us in the same position.

As it was, it found me standing at the unshuttered dining-room window. I had piled up such a glorious fire that every crackle must have entered the soul of poor Mr. Hart in the room above, and made him shudder as he hastened his toilet.

I had laid the table myself, with more care than the servants would have taken, bringing forth the best and whitest damask, and as much glistening plate as I could find a use for.

If you ask me why, I cannot tell which was the strongest of my two reasons—the wish to have all as bright as possible for my dear old lady's last breakfast (for I always think that outward things have a wonderful effect upon one's inner self), and, for my own part, sorrow to me is doubly sorrow in a dull and cheerless house), or the savage wish I had to injure as much as possible the goods and chattels of that wicked Martin Lifford.

When everything seemed to be as cheery as I could make it, I went upstairs and took my station at Mrs. Lifford's door, till I saw Owen coming with the key, when I met him and begged it from him, for I could not bear that he should be the one at whose summons she should come.

When I opened the door and went in to

her, she was standing dressed at the window, and without moving she turned her head and smiled at me.

"The snow-flakes come to my window like little soft greetings," she said.

"I have brought you mine too, dear Mrs. Lifford," I answered, as I kissed her, "and breakfast is ready."

"How bright you look this morning, dear, in your pretty new dress!" she said. "You do honor to the New Year's Day."

I looked at myself quizzically in her glass and tried to smile complacently at myself, partly hoping she would smile too at my conceit, partly for fear I should otherwise do something even more ridiculous, and partly with real pleasure because she had noticed my dress.

"You like pretty things, don't you, Mrs Lifford?" I asked.

"Yes, dear—pleasant, bright things," she replied; "though perhaps the pleasure and the brightness may be gone now for a while—for a while. Honour," she added, "I am trying to imagine what the change will be for me from a prison—from a prison—to my everlasting home. A whole life of happiness here would be nothing compared to that."

I put my arms about her softly, so strong she seemed, and I so weak.

"Comfort Ellen, dear," she continued "When I am gone she will grieve for me more than she had need. Eighty years of many blessings. There are but few for the agony at the end. Remind her to write to Hugh and tell him not to be ashamed of his mother, for what she did not know she sinned. Poor Hugh! poor Ellen! I wish they need not bear the shame. Dear, do not cry for me; it is less sad to me than to you. When the great future is so near, the little step to reach it may be easily crossed however rugged, because the happy future is so near. Now let us go."

We went down stairs together, and I took my seat last at the little round table, at which only four could sit, and which, I had managed on purpose, motioning the two men to the sternly plain table I had set for them, as far from the fire and as near the window, where the draught came, as possible.

Almost before breakfast was over the chaise drew up to the door, and the men began to hurry us. Mrs. Hart went upstairs with her mother, and I slipped off to my own room. Remembering gratefully how she liked pretty things, I put on my Spanish hat and my scarlet cloak.

Ah, my dears, a young girl would look odd now, equipped as I was; though you do say that yours are the fashions of our youth.

We had the advantage in some ways, but you have it in others; for I'm glad to say I never saw one of you starting out on a New Year's Day, the snow a foot deep, in such little fanciful shoes as I considered appropriate that bitter morning.

When I was ready, with a little bundle in my hand, partly Mrs. Lifford's property, partly my own, I went into the hall, and waited, casting haughty and annihilating glances from under my feathers at the two men, who whispered, half aloud, their remarks as to my appearance and intentions. A hand touched my shoulder, and Mrs. Hart's white face was close to mine

"What is this?" she added. "Are you going to leave us too?"

I nodded, for my lips were quivering at the sight of her pain.

"Where?" she asked.

"With Mrs. Lifford; to take care of her, and to be with her till I bring her home again."

"But, my child, will that be allowed?" she whispered.

"Of course it will," said I, with the greatest assurance, although my heart was full of doubts.

"Oh Honour, that is good of you," said Mrs. Hart; "but——"

"But what?" I interrupted.

"I depended on you to help me in taking measures for her release—to write," she replied.

"I can do that better there," I answered, quickly. "I shall write from the prison—it may have more weight."

"God bless you, dear! Really," she added, apologetically, "poor Robert is so stunned, he would hardly know what to do, and I am as bad."

A few minutes afterwards, as Mrs. Hart helped Mrs. Lifford into the chaise, she came up to me again, holding in her hand a five-pound note.

"It is the only one in the house, Honour," she began; "but you must take it. Do not let her want for anything—and you are sure you will write to Hugh?"

They were only a few words, but when she stopped and I went to take the note, it was gone, and Pugh was sauntering from us towards the door.

Only himself and One who knows the secrets of all bad hearts as well as good, knows how he took it from her uplifted hand; but though we never accused him, (for how could we prove it?) he must have sometimes remembered bitterly that deed in the poverty and shame of his after-life.

I looked blankly into Mrs. Hart's face, and then I felt that she was fainting. I caught hold of her with a shake that was not all accidental.

"Oh, take care," I cried, "do not let her go off in pain for you. I have money, dear Mrs. Hart, if we want it. She shall have everything I can get. Do rouse up and come to the carriage."

I half carried her with me as I spoke, and with as cheerful a look as possible I got in and sat down beside the old lady, who smiled at me.

"You are driving into town with me then?" she said. "That is right, though I ought to learn not to care for a companion now."

"I am coming with you, please, Mrs. Lifford," I pleaded; "I cannot leave you, you are so kind to me—have been so tender to poor little lonely, orphan me, that I cannot be left behind without you."

She gave one strange, tearless sob, and leaned back in her corner of the carriage, covering her face. Somehow I didn't like to disturb her, so I looked out upon the falling snow, upon the dreary, dreary white mass everywhere, and I counted the milestones—so dirty they looked as they peeped out of the snow—and that was all I could do, though I tried to compose in my head a letter that should stir the very heart and soul of Mr. Martin L fford.

At last the road grew muddier, the scene less bright, the air less pure, and then we passed bare slovenly houses, down at heel in every way like the bareheaded women at the doors, and rickety as the children who peered at us through the dirt upon their faces, making the most of anything that would relieve them from the monotony of each other.

The way grew steeper and steeper until at last there came a stop, and dark and square before us stood our destination. There a new trouble was to break upon me.

"This is the place, dear Mrs. Lifford," said I, moving towards her on the seat, and raising my face for a kiss; "this is the place, and a fire will be pleasant after this cold drive."

"The place, dear!" she said. "What place?"

And then I saw the trouble. A hand unseen had touched her on the way, and left a mist upon the clear intellect.

"The place," said I, falteringly, "where we are going to stay while we write to Mr. Martin, and wait for his answer."

"Honour, is it"—she leaned forward, and looked out with a scared face—"is it a prison?—and did Martin send me here?"

The light seemed to be struggling back faintly and dimly.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Lifford," I replied, "but only for a little time."

"Ah yes, I remember," she said. "Not Hugh—not Hugh! Hugh wouldn't do it, now that his mother is so old. Not Hugh, you say. Poor Martin always was so strict."

I dared not answer the poor lady. I helped her down, taking no notice of the men, except directing their bringing in the hamper, packed so neatly and so lovingly, with all that Hillswood could gather in the morning's haste. Then we stood among them in a small cold vestibule, while they began to question us.

"The chaise has to take one of these two back," said one man, coming forward authoritatively. "Which is the prisoner?"

"This lady is the prisoner," said I, quietly, "and I am going to stay with her."

"Can't be done," was the reply; "it isn't allowed here."

"The chaise may go," said I, decisively, to the driver; "it will not be wanted here."

"Then how are you to go back?" the same man asked me rudely.

"When I want to go back I may tell you, perhaps," I answered, with the tears starting, in spite of my dignity. "May I see the governor?"

"The governor is out of town."

"When does he return?"

"On the third."

"Then who is in authority here?"

"We are."

I looked into their faces, and there I saw quite plainly that this was not true; and I asked:

"Where is the chaplain?"

"He lives a mile away; and he's ill too."

"The doctor?" I then asked.

"He don't live far off," said Owen, kindly; "I'll fetch him if you like."

"If you will," said I, turning my hot, wet eyes to him; "this lady will remember your kind action when she goes away in a day or two. Now show us to our room, and when the doctor comes he may dismiss me if he will, but I do not go at your bidding."

On met the weary passages I led her through, following the turnkey, and the misery of it all as she whispered to me with a faint, wistful smile:

"Not Hugh, not Hugh, you say. Poor Martin always was so strict."

At last we stopped where two doors faced each other, one closely shut. To the open one the man pointed, and said to me:

"There's your room."

It would be of little use to speak of the sinking at my heart, when I felt that we were in our allotted room, shut out—for how long, God only knew—from all the bright, glad world—prisoners!

I never hear or read the word now without a shuddering remembrance of that first look round the bare little desolate room, and into the white, scared face of its occupant.

I have a picture of the room before me now; a small, narrow, empty grate was the most chilling bit of all; a window of four little panes, very high up, entirely covered and darkened with the snow; and a small flat bed in one corner.

An met and on one stiff, hard chair sat the gentle old lady, whose frail bent form was never, said the law, to leave those bare, unfriendly walls again, even though the spirit might find a release. Would it not have been better if the unseen hand had never slackened?

But I was growing gloomy and morbid; that would never do there. I had forgotten to ask if we might have a fire till now the key was turned in the heavy door at the end of the passage.

"Everything looks so dismal out of doors, that it is a very good thing that the window is so high," said I aloud, as I deposited our bundle in one corner, the hamper in another, and took off Mrs. Lifford's bonnet. "Why, when the fire comes we shall be quite snug."

"Would you shut the door, dear?" she asked, shivering.

Would I shut it, was not the question. Could I shut it rather? My dears, I drew it too, and there was a space between the edge of the door and the frame, which my arm would have gone through, and it sauntered back to me each time I pushed it with the most persistent aggravation.

I had brought one book besides my Bible—you know it well, a burly, well-thumbed book of Martyrology—and that I put between the door and the post, to keep it close, which it did, allowing for a broad margin of draught, admitted freely on three sides.

"There," I said, when I had effected that little manœuvre; "when the doctor comes, or any other guest, we shall hear the fall of lots of martyrs. Now let us make the room pleasant, and then I will go down and prepare our dinner."

"Not Hugh. Hugh never would have done it."

That was the poor old lady's continual moan as I made pitiful, futile efforts at making the little desolate place even a little less desolate, saying a few would-be cheerful words now and then, when I could manage to swallow the lump in my throat.

I don't know how long we had been there when poor Fox's martyrs came ignominiously to the floor with a bang, and we both looked up to see a giant form raising the head that had been bent to pass the low door—a head, it seemed to me, composed of a pair of dark eyes, that looked gravely at us, and a mouth that laughed in spite of them.

"You see your new bolt could not resist me, Mrs. Lifford," said a pleasant, gentle voice, that somehow seemed to bring a flood of light and hope in upon us, with its friendly, easy way of addressing us by name; "if it was not a valuable book before, it is now. Have I the honor of seeing Mrs. Lifford's grand-daughter?"

"No," said I, looking up to him—it was a long way to look, my dears—then bending again to return Mrs. Lifford's smile, I said, "No; only she is my dear friend, and I could not bear to be without her; my name is Honour Merlyn."

He held out his hand to me as he had done to her.

"I am the doctor here, and my name is Geoffry Inglis," he said. "You see we have to introduce ourselves;" and then he added, looking round scrutinizingly, "your fire is forgotten, I see; I will send a man about it at once; and what have they forgotten here, Miss Merlyn?"

He touched the little bed as he spoke, and I bent down to examine it, as it seemed, but really to hide the tears of joy that sprang to my eyes.

"Never mind—I see," he went on quickly; "and you will want to write at once, I dare say. What about your dinner, too?"

I pointed to the unopened hamper, and he cut the string with his penknife; then he went over once more to Mrs. Lifford's chair and felt her pulse.

"The long, cold drive has pulled you down a little," he said, gently, "but you will soon be all right; and I think," he went on, standing at the empty grate as if he were in a salon—"I think the room looks very pleasant now, and you must allow me to come again and see it in the afternoon. Will you?"

He asked it quite deferentially, though lightly too, as if the last thing he thought of would be any need we might have of him; and Mrs. Lifford answered, with something of her old smile:

"If you care to come to such a place."

"Hugh doesn't know," the old lady went on, relapsing into her former forgetfulness, "and poor Martin was always rather strict—stricter than his father."

"And who is going to write to Hugh?" the doctor asked, softly, with a saddening of his grave eyes.

"Honour is going to write to Martin to tell him that I didn't mean it," said the poor lady.

"And only that, Miss Merlyn?" he asked, as if he thought anything would be more hopeful than that.

"More than that," I answered, quietly. "I shall write where we can hope for help."

He did not turn his eyes away for a minute, and I smiled at his searching gaze, then he took up his hat suddenly.

"Then I will look in upon you in the afternoon, if you will allow me," said he. "Just look if you do not think the door could be managed better from the outside," he added as he passed me.

I followed to the passage, where he turned and whispered to me:

"Keep her cheerful and quiet, and it will soon be all clear again. Is there any earthly thing that I can do?—there is none that I would not."

"Oh, thank you," said I, "but if you will give her something to soothe this weary fretting and to calm her, that is all. She is so different from this in reality."

"I can well believe it," he said, "and that we shall see her different again presently. About those letters?"

"I shall write them this afternoon," I replied.

"Then I will do all else," said he; "and I will post them too. How cold you are!—and here am I lingering when I might be acting."

With a grave, courteous bow, he left me, opening the nailed door with a key he carried. Two hours after he was gone I hardly recognized our old room.

There was a glowing fire on the hearth, and a box of coals ready for replenishing it; warm blankets and white soft sheets upon the bed; paper, pens, ink, and stamps enough for a year's writing; books, wine, and a draught for Mrs. Lifford.

There were other things too, my dears, but if I tried to tell you all, it would be as impossible as if I tried to tell you the good that one brave, unselfish, heart has wrought since that New Year's Day when it first crossed my path.

Our dinner, prepared by me down in a dreadful kitchen, was spread on a table before the fire, and looked at, and praised, and cut, and played, everything but eaten; and then in the short winter twilight we sat at our one hearth, resting, for the letters that were to change our fate were written and sealed.

I held them in my hand as we talked, softly and brokenly, about the freedom that was certain to come some day, when all trouble would be over, for we dared not trust ourselves to speak of the nearer one for which we could only hope.

As the darkness settled in upon us—an hour earlier than in the homes below, where the light was not confined to four little snowed-up panes—the door opened quietly, and Dr. Inglis, looking taller than ever in the firelight, drew up the spare stool and joined us; lowering his voice unconsciously as we sat thus and talked on; sometimes he telling us of the town outside our walls, and shuddering when he spoke of the snow, as if he found our fire very comfortable indeed; sometimes asking me of the country, and drawing me on to talk about it, then telling us how he loved it, but he knew his work was here, and so how it was better: sometimes gently winning Mrs. Lifford to talk too with a way he had of touching at brighter and better things beyond, as if they were ever in his sight.

"Really it must be tea-time, I am afraid," he said at last, rising with a little smile, "the pleasantest time of all the day, I fancy; but I must not intrude at your fireside too long. You will think me a coward for sniffing my cold visits. Your letters shall be posted before I allow another thought to enter my head, Miss Merlyn. Good-bye."

He must have gone through the kitchen himself and sent the woman up with the kettle and tea things: but that was not all, for there followed her a man with something wherewith to bind the door, and shut out, at any rate, the greater part of the draught.

The first part of the evening passed almost cheerfully; but presently Mrs. Lifford grew more and more languid, and more and more pitiful in her wandering.

"Now the struggle must be over," I thought as I laid her down quiet and still at last in the little bed. "O God! is this the only freedom that is coming?"

She had taken her medicine, but no sleep seemed coming. Her eyes wandered wearily about the room, resting without any recognition on my face, and her weak lips murmured ceaselessly her husband's name.

In my loneliness and fear I knelt beside her, not knowing what to do, and longing (oh so earnestly!) for some one to help her who could do it better, when that some one came. Very gently for a moment he laid his hand on my bent head as he looked down first to the white face on the pillow.

"I expected this," he said to me, quietly. "Do not fret—you were so hopeful to-day. Do not let her lose her bright little nurse."

Some great church clock was striking twelve, when at last he bade me good-night in the passage, leaving his patient sleeping quietly as a little child.

"Good-night," he said, looking down upon me with his grave, kind eyes. "I fear it will be useless to ask you to rest and not be anxious, but I hope you will for her sake, for we cannot afford that you should fail too. See how calmly she is sleeping! Even the prison walls fade in the brightness of the care and love that are around us here."

The weary night stole on, and while I sat beside my dear old lady, my one great comfort, as I thought of her, was an echo of the doctor's quiet words.

With the dawn he came again, and took a load of fear and sorrow from me, when he said, quite cheerfully, that his patient was slipping out of her physician's hands very rapidly into good health.

After that she did get better and better hourly, as it seemed; and she could eat a little, and during the next few days things did slowly brighten for us.

The governor returned on the third night, and came to see us. He only stayed a few minutes in our room, but he showed his surprise as he looked round. I said I was glad to be able to thank him and his officials for their kindness, but he interrupted me.

"There is nothing official about it," he said; "what has been done for you the doctor has done; what has been sent you, must have been sent privately from the doctor's own house, and at his own wish, and his own expense."

Ah, in the prayers both of the old and young within the prison walls that night he was remembered.

So, my dears, the days passed on, and you may guess what was the only relief to our monotony. Our provisions would not disappear, our coal seemed never to grow less; daily Mrs. Lifford grew into her own sweet self again, though her strength came back so very slowly, and now we had been

within those four walls a week.

I had taken my book up to read again when I heard the old step outside the door, and the pleasant familiar voice speaking in a whisper. When he came in I turned my eyes full of an unasked question, and he answered me with a smile.

"Well," he said, taking Mrs. Lifford's hand, "any answers to your letters yet?"

"Not yet," she whispered hesitatingly, for she could not bear to speak of this. "It is only a week, and travelling is so uncertain this weather. The coaches are sometimes obliged to stop."

"A week is it?" he asked; "then I expect some one will be here to-day."

"If they can; but I don't feel sure they can be here so soon," she answered, hastily.

"I think I saw a messenger down-stairs," he went on, not looking at me, but rising as if he had just remembered, "and I think he came from London—from Mr. Martin it must have been. Do you wish to see him?"

"Then Martin did not come himself," she said, sadly.

"It may be himself, dear Mrs. Lifford," said he. "You see I could not recognize your son, could I, being a stranger? I think it is very likely to be himself. I will fetch him."

He said afterwards that he had done it very bunglingly, but if he had, it could not have been better any other way. She was prepared, and the shock was far from hurting her.

"Which son would it be?" I thought breathlessly, as I watched the door.

"Mother, oh my mother, will you ever forgive me?"

I slipped out after Dr. Inglis as the mother, with a little low cry, hid her head on her son's shoulder. We stopped half way down the long passage, leaning against the opposite walls.

"Mr. Martin Lifford has brought you freedom," said Dr. Inglis at last in a low voice; "how glad you must be!"

"Yes, and there are more reasons to be glad," said I, quickly. "This has ended a coldness and estrangement that lasted twenty years."

"Then it is worth the suffering, is it not?" he said.

"Oh yes," I replied.

"It has been a dreary time for you," he continued.

"No, indeed, I am never dreary with her," I said; "and your kindness has taken away so much of the dreariness, that can never be repaid."

"If I had done all that I longed for power to do," said he, "it would have been repaid."

"Yes, I believe so," I answered, earnestly, feeling that I knew what he meant—"repaid in the only way you care for."

He smiled a funny little smile as he took both my hands, and said good-bye.

Presently I went into our room again, and then Mr. Martin began to tell, hurriedly and excitedly, how it had all happened.

"I did put the case in court," he said, "but only to intimidate you, and show Hart that I did not intend him to have everything his own way. When you wrote, I was very angry with Hart for not taking any step in the matter, and would not condescend to answer your letter. The next day, or sooner, I forgot all about it. The first thing that recalled it was Miss Merlyn's letter, which told me you were here. On mother, that shock was punishment enough! I did not waste a moment. I found out all I should have to do to obtain your release. It was a complicated affair, and I was at it till I got the last signature, when I posted off at once with your release. Look at me, mother; it has turned me into an old man."

"I don't see it, Martin," she said, with a little proud, happy smile. "You have done too much this week, that is all. You are just my boy still."

She seemed not to care to talk any more about those sad things; and, as he saw it, he hastened her away. I was putting our things together with an unspoken prayer of thankfulness in my heart.

When we were ready we looked round our room for the last time, and then I followed the mother and son along the passage to the door, where the doctor and the turnkey waited. The carriage was at the door.

The governor was paying his respects to the old lady, who leaned on her son's arm, proudly, though the sadness of the place was still upon her, in the very spot where she stood miserable and insulted that very day a week before.

Dr. Inglis had given her his farewell, her hand was still in his, and her low, thankful words—just what I ought to have said, and so different to mine—were still upon her lips when a horseman dashed up to the door, and dismounted almost before the foaming horse had stopped.

"Mother," said Mr. Hugh, standing opposite her with a pale pained face, "are you free?"

"Quite free, Hugh," she replied. "Martin has freed me."

"And me had dared to send you here!" said Hugh.

"Hush, Hugh," said his mother. "We are going now. We can talk of this some other time."

He turned away from them all, and I trembled at the passion on his face. Dr. Inglis noticed it.

"This will not last," he whispered to me. "No wonder that the two feelings fight within him here. Will you take your seat?"

Mrs. Lifford was in her place, and I followed her.

"Come with me, Hugh," she said, tenderly, as her two sons stood at the door.

"Not yet, mother," he whispered, leaning over her. "I dare not trust myself with him. I will come another time. You don't know what this is to me. I have hardly realized it even yet. Miss Merlyn, your letter followed me to Edinburgh, and I have now come straight from there. Thank you for it, and for all that you have been to my mother."

Without a word to each other the brothers turned away; Martin taking his seat opposite his mother, Hugh leaving the carriage; and so we drove off, leaving two wistful faces looking after us and two heads bared in the rain.

You may imagine how impossible it would be for me to describe that return. But there was yet a shadow on that reunion, and none of us tried to hide that we felt it, and longed that the brothers should meet, now that the hard man of the world was so softened.

But there seemed no hope, and presently Mr. Lifford went back to London, saying he should come in the Summer to fetch his mother; and we would have regained her strength then, and he would leave it until the holidays, for that I must go too; for he was very kind and very thoughtful to me.

By the time the scholars came back the house had its old, quiet regularity again, and so we went on until the Midsummer holidays came, when Mr. Martin arrived late on the first night, and the next morning took his mother and myself back with him to London, from which place I went to Deseborough.

Up dashed the horses into Deseborough, through the principal streets, down the close and stifling ones.

When we drew up at the Red Lion, old Ben was waiting for me with the phaeton from Hillswood, and as we drove along, he told me all the news of the village; but somehow there came through it all a remembrance strangely sad of one who lived among the poor, and sick, and sinful; one I had only just left behind, but who in his brave and earnest life was so much farther from me than the few miles of road that the old horse trod so merrily under the Summer leaves.

Work went on once more; the Winter was creeping upon us, and our dear old lady was not come home.

One morning in December came a letter from Mr. Lifford, telling us he was going to bring his mother home for New Year's Day, and that he should bring all his family too, that we might let the New Year in all together; and quickly upon that letter came one from Mr. Hugh, offering to come and spend the New Year's Day with us on his way to Paris.

My dears, there never was such a house! What was to be done? Which would come first? What would Mr. Hugh say when he met his brother? Would it all be happiness, or misery? Even Mr. Hart grew excited, and actually laid in a store of everything quite lavishly, and in a quite bustling and cheerful manner.

So, on the day before the New Year's Eve a funny old chariot from Deseborough drew up to the door, and, with half a dozen parcels of every size in his arms and a great dog at his heels, out stepped Mr. Hugh, with quite an eager look upon his comfortable face.

"And mother, where is she?" he asked, after greeting us all.

"Coming from London for to-morrow, dear Hugh, with Martin."

Mr. Hugh did not receive this intelligence as Mrs. Hart had expected.

All that afternoon he went about with Mr. Hart, proposing many an improvement, which he himself afterwards carried out; and in the evening, when we had given it up, another carriage arrived, and Hugh stood in the hall to meet his mother.

"Here, dear Hugh! This is happiness."

"For me too, mother dear," he said as he kissed her. "For me it is great happiness to meet you here once more. Martin, old fellow, have you a hand to spare for me?"

Mr. Martin was loading me with presents and pleasant little speeches as he stood among his daughters, rather nervously avoiding his brother, I thought; but at his words he turned, his whole face changing.

"Hugh," said he, "are you not ashamed to touch it?"

"You shall see," was the laughing answer; and certainly such a handshake I don't believe I ever saw before.

Oh to see the mother's face! I think her look of deep content and her few thankful words will live for ever in my memory.

We were all dressed for the party—preeminently the party of Hillswood—and standing in a group, in the warm, bright schoolroom, where the dancing was to be.

"Honour," whispered my dear old lady, "what a day this is! Presently I shall have all my dear friends about me."

"You have them now, dear Mrs. Lifford, have you not?" I asked, looking round on the happy faces.

She smiled, but, to my astonishment, did not answer, and I bent down to look at her face.

"Is one missing?" I asked. "Oh, surely one is not missing!"

Following her eyes as a glad greeting came to her lips, I raised my head—raised it to meet the face that surely we two, of all the world, could never forget. The deep bright eyes looked into mine as Dr. Inglis held out his hand, and my lips trembled strangely as I took it once again.

There was a little talk among us, with much of the earnestness and none of the sadness of that old time; then Mrs. Lifford sent Dr. Inglis off to dance.

"Will you walk a few minutes, Miss Honour?"

Something in the grave, earnest tones, took all my little paltry pride away, and I put my hand within his arm. We sauntered round the room, talking laughingly, then through the hall into the drawing-room—empty then, for it was too early yet for any one to be tired of the dancing-room.

"Honour," he began, so suddenly that I looked up with frightened eyes, "Honour, my heart longs and craves for the sunshine that broke upon me a year ago. Oh Honour, come to me at once, as you have come so often in my dreams, and let me whisper how I love you!"

Years afterwards he told me that my silence did not break his heart, because he saw a look upon my face which he had seen there ever since.

When all the Hillswood guests were gone, I stood with Mrs. Lifford at the schoolroom fire, laughingly wondering whether our pupils would have recognized their room that night. I knew, though, when she stopped and kissed me, that she was thinking of that night a year ago, and of the changes since; and my heart seemed as full as hers.

"Honour," she whispered, with her hand upon my head, "He has crowned the year with His goodness."

The end of the story you have heard many times,—how Mr. Martin sent me two great boxes of pretty things from London, saying, half seriously, half comically, that he did not forget how fond I was of wearing pretty dresses when I wanted to cheer my companions; and how Mr. Hugh would give up to us his place near Glasgow for our honeymoon, where we were as grand and independent as if we had been on our own estate; and how my dear old lady gave me away herself; and how all the pupils made the road to church a perfect bower of flowers; and how every prisoner in the county jail was made to keep that day a holiday—such a holiday as they did not often see—in honor of their doctor's marriage, Mr. Hugh said, at whose expense it was all done; and how, after that, Mr. Martin got Mr. Hart a good appointment in London, and the school was given up, "for it would be sure to fall gradually," he said, jokingly, "without Honor."

Lastly, how that my dear old lady spent her time among us, until one summer morning, when they found that a Father's tender hand had led her through the shadowy valley painlessly, and that her eyes had opened from that peaceful sleep to the glory of His presence. That is the story, my dears.

LEAF IMPRESSIONS.—Leaf impressions may be taken by using manifold paper, which can be purchased at any stationer's. Place the leaf, face uppermost, on a clean sheet of paper, and over it a sheet of manifold paper of the color that you desire to give to the impression; then on the manifold sheet place another sheet of clean paper.

With one finger hold the leaf firmly in its place, and with the other hand rub the upper sheet, leaning heavily, to remove the coloring material to the leaf. When you have rubbed for a minute or two, remove the leaf, and place it between the leaves on which you desire to take the impression; rub as before, and you will have an exact picture.

You may prepare the manifold paper yourself by attending to the appended instructions.—The coloring matter is to be mixed with lard oil. For blue paper, Prussian blue, as thick as cream; for black paper, lampblack; for red paper, Venetian red; for green paper, chrome green.

Put on papers corresponding with the colored paint. Apply with a sponge, and wipe off as dry as convenient; then lay in alternate layers with sheets not colored, and press until the oil is out as nearly as possible; then cut into small sizes.

MEAT IN GERMANY.—The Berlin correspondent of a London daily writes: "The price of beef, mutton and pork has increased so much throughout Germany that hundreds of households of the small official class and artisans and laborers cannot afford to see these meats on their tables. Recourse is now had to horse flesh, which is much cheaper, though the extra demand has run up the price of this also. In the month of October 816 horses were slaughtered in Berlin for domestic consumption, an increase of 25 per cent. as compared with last year. At Königsberg, a town with about a tenth of the inhabitants of Berlin, 330 horses went to the butchers'. At Cassel the increase in the consumption of horse flesh is 90 per cent. as compared with last year; at Bochum and Stralsund it is 60; at Leipzig it is a little over 60 per cent.; at Brunswick and Lubeck it is over 30 per cent. The increase is also great at Hamburg and Bremen. In the former town the price per pound is now 11 cents."

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one hand tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

MARRIAGE often makes fortunes.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Michigan exchange gives this advice to its readers: "If a gray-haired woman of 50 in moderately respectable attire is put off the cars in your own town because she can't pay her fare any further; if she almost immediately receives a telegram urging her to come home on the next train because her husband is dying, and if she tearfully and desperately, in a plenty loud voice, announces that she is going to walk home 100 miles, you let her walk. She and her confederate who sends the telegram, have worked the dying husband racket in a half dozen Michigan towns at a net profit, it is figured, of $15 a day."

Even the much despised tramp has often more honor than he is given credit for, as witness the following from New Jersey: "Fourteen years ago a tramp knocked at the door of Daniel Palmer, in South Orange township, Essex county, and asked for a hat. By mistake one of the daughters gave him her father's best silk hat, discovering the mistake just as the tramp started away with it. An exclamation by her sister apprised the tramp of the prize he had received. Little thought was then given to the matter until a few mornings ago, when a clean new hat box was found on the front porch. It contained a new silk hat, and this explanation within on a slip of paper: 'To replace your father's best silk hat, taken by me fourteen years ago.'"

A special from Frankfort, Ky., says: "This afternoon about 4 o'clock a decent looking countryman went to the gate of the prison and asked permission to go in and look through. The privilege was granted upon payment of the fee of 25 cents, and the man remained within the walls about an hour, when he left and proceeded to take in the sights of interest in the city. About 6 o'clock he returned to the prison, introduced himself to the Warden and presented his commitment papers as a convict, sent from Bell county for one year for malicious cutting. He came without guard, because, he said, the Sheriff of Bell county was unwilling to put the State to the expenses of a guard. This is the second Kentucky convict who has come voluntarily and unguarded to the prison."

A correspondent avers that a decent meal cannot be obtained in many places in New York unless the waiter is "tipped" in the beginning. He adds: "The waiter will not trust you. You must not only pay dearly for what you have to eat, but landlords allow you to be subjected to the insult of unfed waiters. There are hotels and restaurants in New York which are shunned by many people because they will not voluntarily subject themselves to such abuses. And this feeling of opposition to the extortion of waiters is rapidly growing, and will continue to grow. The hotel and restaurant that will adopt the stand taken by many similar places in Europe, and put signs reading, 'It is requested that no fees be given to waiters,' will forthwith see their daily receipts increase. There is no reason why the public should be compelled to make up salaries paid by stingy proprietors."

The mention of the name of Dom Pedro, the exiled Emperor of Brazil, in the presence of Anthony Trollope the novelist, used to have almost the same effect on him as the sight of a red rag on a bull. It appears that, at the time when Trollope held one of the principal permanent places in the General Post Office, it fell to his lot to show the Emperor over the Department at St. Martin's le Grand, London. Trollope, who was the most vain of mortals, had just bowed his Imperial Majesty to his carriage, and was pluming himself on the manner in which he had accomplished the task, when an aide-de-camp stepped up, and, desiring to shake hands with Mr. Trollope, left him standing on the pavement with a couple of dollars in the palm of his hand. Trollope met with many rebuffs in life, but nothing could ever approach the horror with which he was wont to refer to Dom Pedro's recognition of his services.

It has been suggested that one of the pressing needs of the time is an international postage stamp which can be purchased and used in any country included in the postal union. The suggestion is certainly a most excellent one, and if acted upon by the proper authorities, will prove a boon to stay-at-homes as well as to travellers. Such a stamp, as it would be contemplated to fill all requirements, should be small of size and neat of design, having no superfluous ornamentation and the simplest of legends. The price of the stamp should be the same the world over. The advantages which would accrue from the currency of such a stamp are as numerous as they are obvious, the chief of which to persons dwelling on this side of the ocean, is that they may be used in making light remittances, and whenever the sending of money in large sums to foreign lands does not warrant the expense of a draft or money order. The method in vogue, of obtaining a foreign money draft is troublesome as well as costly, while in the smaller towns such drafts are unobtainable. An international stamp would obviate this. Taken as a whole the proposition of a stamp that shall be of a fixed value in the coin of the realm where it is circulated, is to be highly commended and should receive the favorable consideration of [illegible] interested in the postal union.

Our Young Folks.

ABOUT DOGS.

BY SHEILA.

"WHAT are you going to lecture on to-day, Professor?" asked Alan, who lay on the sofa close to the open window, fanning himself with a large palm-leaf fan.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lilian, bowing to an imaginary audience, "the subject for our consideration to-day is that noble, faithful, and intelligent animal, the dog.

"No other creature is so closely allied to man; consequently, history, romance, and real life abound with stories about dogs, making it hard to know where to begin, and harder still to know how to leave off.

"Well, 'every dog has its day,' says the old saw, so let us turn to some dogs which, according to old legends, had their day a remarkably long time ago.

"To begin with, there was Katmir, the shepherd's dog, which belonged to the Seven Sleepers, and is said by the Turks to have been as large as a donkey.

"Perhaps, however, you do not exactly remember who the Seven Sleepers were, so I must tell you that they were seven Christian youths of Ephesus, who, being persecuted on account of their religion by the Roman Emperor, hid in a cave, which was then blocked up by the soldiers in pursuit of them. Katmir, who, by the way, could talk, followed his masters into the cave, and then they all fell asleep, and slept for three hundred and sixty years.

"This is a wonderful story, is it not?

"The memory of Katmir is held in high honor by the Mohammedans, who really believe that he once existed; while the Arabs, when they speak of a very miserly person, say, 'He would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers.'

"We all know that a cat may look at a king, but there seems something very extraordinary in the idea of a dog being a king.

"Yet an old Norse chronicler speaks quite seriously of a dog called Sauer, who was king of Drontheim. 'He was gifted,' says the writer, 'with three men's wisdom, and when he barked, he spoke one word and barked two. A collar of gold and silver was made for him, and his courtiers carried him in their hands when the weather or the ways were foul.'

"In spite of their attention, however, it is related that his doggish majesty was killed by wolves: a sad end for so gifted an animal.

"The story of the dog of Montargis is probably only a legend, but its main idea may be true—the faithfulness of a dog, and his revenge on those who had killed his master.

"There are a great many stories similar to it in history and romance; this particular one runs as follows:—

"In the reign of Charles VI. of France, a man named Macaire killed one Aubri de Montidier in the Forest of Bondy; and having secretly buried the body, went away, quite satisfied that his crime would never be discovered.

"But Montidier's dog watched by the grave, only leaving it once a day, when he ran into Paris to obtain food from a great friend of his dead master's, who soon began to wonder at this curious behavior.

"The dog was followed, and in a short time the corpse was discovered.

"Then the faithful animal attached himself to his master's friend, but whenever he saw Macaire he flew at him with such rage, that at last people began to suspect the reason of this hatred.

"The end of it was that, according to the custom of the time, the man and the dog were ordered to settle the matter by single combat.

"Macaire was armed with a club and shield, the dog had his claws, his teeth, and a tub to rest in when he was tired.

"The fight took place in the presence of thousands of people, and lasted until Macaire fainted with fatigue.

"When he came to himself, he confessed his crime, and suffered the punishment for it.

"King Arthur of the Round Table had a celebrated hound 'Cavall.' A Welsh mountain bears his name, 'Carn Cavall,' and a dent in the rock is supposed to be the print of the dog's paw.

"Another noted dog of romance is 'Bran,' who belonged to a hero named Fingal, and wild legends are told of Bran's fighting achievements in the days of 'long ago.'

"His life is a fairy tale, and so is his death; for gallant Bran chased a snow-white hart, with horns and hoofs of gold, until they reached a lake, since called Tler-mac Bran.

"The hart sprang over the edge of the cliff, and after him leaped the hound; when, wondrous sight! a lovely lady, clad in white, rose up in the water, laid her hand on Bran's head, and sank with him into the depths beneath.

"Now let me tell you about some real dogs; for after all they are most interesting, do you not think so?

"One hardly expects a pug to be a hero; yet but for one canny little pug the history of a great nation might have been very different from what it is.

"When William the Silent, the founder of the Dutch Republic, was asleep in the camp near Mons, the Spaniards made an attack by night which was very near successful.

"Before the alarm was raised, two of the prince's attendants were killed, and the soldiers were on the point of entering his tent, when sensible Puggy, by dint of whining and scratching his master's face, managed to wake him.

"William the Silent was also William the Prompt; in a second he was up, and fortunately had just time to mount a horse which was kept ready saddled for him, and to escape in the darkness.

"We hope that his faithful little friend contrived to get off too; at any rate he lies sculptured in marble at the foot of the prince's tomb at Delft, and William from that memorable night never slept without one of his race in the room.

"Pugs, I may mention, went to England first with William's great grandson, and then it became the fashion to adorn them with orange colored rosettes.

"Richard II.'s dog was called 'Mathe.' Frederick the Great had a 'Pompadour,' and Peter the Great a 'Lisette,' a small Italian greyhound, still to be seen, stuffed, in the Cabinet of Natural History at St. Petersburg.

"Then that 'Merry Monarch' King Charles II. never moved without a whole tribe of the spaniels which bear his name; and indeed some of his attendants thought, but they dared not say so, that to have so many dogs about the palace was a terrible nuisance.

"Louis XII. of France went so far as to write the biography of his favorite, 'Reinis'; and we know that Charles I. had a dog named 'Gypsy,' and that he loved a greyhound better than a spaniel, for, said he, 'they equally love their masters, yet do not flatter them so much.'

"During the middle ages greyhounds were highly prized and honored.

"They might appear with their masters when they pleased in the presence of Charlemagne; and as a mark of this privilege doggy's right paw was closely shaven.

"In old illuminations one often comes across a greyhound, brilliant in a gold collar and long embroidered scarlet cloak.

"Only those of noble birth were allowed to keep 'gaze-hounds,' as they were sometimes called, from their habit of hunting by sight, and not by scent; and there was an old English law which forbade the killing of one of these highly-prized creatures under penalty of death.

"An old writer tells us of an Irish greyhound which belonged to a Welsh chieftain, Owen ap Caradoc, and which, in attempting to defend his master, received seven severe wounds.

"The brave animal recovered, however, for we learn that he afterwards came into the possession of Henry II.

"Many and many a story might be told of the gallant dogs of St. Bernard, which are sent out in pairs, with blankets strapped upon their backs and flasks slung round their necks, to find travellers lost in the snow.

"Who has not heard of the famous 'Barry,' one of the best and noblest of his race, whose body, looking almost life-like, is to be seen in the museum at Berne?

"Many another 'St. Bernard' is worthy to be placed on the honor list with noble Barry.

"One, whose name I do not know, was presented with a medal for having saved no fewer than twenty-two lives.

"Poor fellow! he was lost at last in an avalanche; but we can hardly be sorry that such a hero should die a hero's death—laying down his life for others.

"And now let me tell you, in conclusion, of a certain dog of our own time, who, too, deserved a medal if ever animal did.

"I mean 'Bob, the fireman's dog,' who was attached to the Fire Brigade, and performed most gallant feats—running up ladders, forcing his way into burning houses, and dragging the half-suffocated people out of danger.

"He saved several lives, and once he dashed into the flames and brought out a cat in his mouth.

"On his collar was inscribed—

'Stop me not, but let me jog,
For I am Bob, the Fireman's Dog.'"

THE KING OF THE WALL.

BY E. KINGSLEY.

AS seen from an upper window of a cottage farther on, this was the history of the battle between the girl and the boys.

The cottages had pretty windows, with flowers and white curtains. They had nice little bits of garden too, and the garden walls were low.

In cottage Number Two lived a little girl about six years old. The people called her "Gypsy" for a pet name. She was a wild little tomboy, who could climb the trees in summer and slide on the roads in winter.

In cottage Number One two boys and their father had come to lodge. Their father was once seen—and admired by all the village—going to town wearing a volunteer's uniform, and carrying a brass instrument under his arm. No doubt he belonged to the band of his regiment.

Gypsy often looked wistfully at these boys from town, but they did not seem inclined to play with her. One day her grandmamma came, and when the grandmamma was gone, Gypsy had a new book in her garden.

It was the first picture-book Gypsy had ever possessed. She took a stool to a bright bushy corner of the garden, and sat down to enjoy it.

Just then a boy's face, as round as a dumpling, looked over the wall. The wall was very low, for the small boy rested his chin on it, and he was only about four years old.

Gypsy looked up from a wonderful picture of a white fairy, and a red prince, and a yellow horse, and a green dragon.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Wobbut!"

"What a funny name!"

"No—it's not a funny name!" roared Wobbut, with the lungs of a young bull.

His mouth was wide open and his eyes brimmed over with angry tears.

"Oh, Wobbut, you are cross!" said Gypsy. "Look with me at this pretty book."

"No, I'm not cross!" bellowed the fat little boy; "I want that pitty book for myself."

Gypsy stood up in a hurry and drew back, "pretty book" and all.

"I'm the king of the wall, and I want that pitty book," cried the fat little boy, and broke out into such violent crying and stamping, that the small girl said:

"Here, then!" and holding the book very tightly, put it standing up on the wall for them both to look at the pictures.

Master Wobbut, with one clutch and twist, tore it out of her grasp, and ran round with it to the side of his own garden towards the road, singing, "I'm the king of the wall!" in triumph.

Of course poor Gypsy dashed out of her gate and along outside the garden to rescue her precious book.

At the same moment Jack came by—the elder of the two boys.

"Robert! Robert!" he called. "What have you got? Give the girl her book."

The small boy puckered up his chubby face with a look of contempt—only the sort of contempt that the fox had for the grapes in the fable. "Silly pictures!" he said, and sent it flying with one shot over the wall he was king of, and back into poor little Gypsy's garden.

When she ran in for it—poor child!—her wonderful picture-book was lying about in several places at once! It was in pieces.

She was a brave little girl not to give way to tears. She only cried out one loud "Oh!" in the moment of shock, and then gathered all the leaves, and tenderly laid them together and carried them to her stool in the corner again.

Wobbut seemed to be a spoiled boy. His brother Jack had to console him by putting him up to stand on the wall, and strut and call himself king. And the moment he was king he changed his mind, and wanted to be what he called "a bwass band."

The big boy argued about it. He said their father would be angry if they took out the French horn. But Wobbut was intent upon having his father's instrument of the house; and after some crying and stamping he got his way. Then Jack entered into the fun.

He stood on the road and was landmaster, and beat time, while Wobbut sat on the wall, and blew into the brass instrument till it brayed, and yelled, and squeaked, and shrieked.

Little Gypsy could not have any comfort out of her poor torn picture-book. Master Wobbut's horn put her teeth on edge, and bewildered the curly head, and made her blood creep as if a pencil was screeching down a slate.

"Oh! do get off the wall, and stop that noise," she called out.

"Never you mind," said the big boy.

"I'm the king of the wall," said the small boy. "This is the bwass band."

"But I can't read my book."

"Then don't read it," said the big boy. "The brass band is first-rate, and this is our wall."

He was very rude indeed, for he went into the cottage for an old tea-tray; and then the metal drumming and the horn howling and squeaking made together the most frightful noise ever heard in that village.

It was the fair day at a place in the country near, and most of the cottagers were away; so the brass band had it all to themselves.

"Wait a while," said Gypsy, with a determined toss of her curly little head. "If you say you're king of the wall, I say I've got soldiers, and I'll get them out too." And tucking the book under her arm, she ran from the cottage garden and down the lane.

It was a terrible moment for the town boys when the country girl came back. The brass band was still noisy and doing its worst, when all at once the boys heard a sound of hoarse gobbling and rustling and sweeping; and here was Gypsy shouting "Whish! Kwish! get along!" and driving before her three enormous turkey cocks. They gobbled angrily, and shook their ragged red heads, and trailed their sweeping wings on the ground. To the frightened eyes of big Jack and Master Wobbut those huge black birds seemed to fill up the narrow lane. And, be it remembered, Jack, with the tea-tray, was standing in their way, and Master Wobbut's fat legs were hanging down in the very path of the turkey cocks. The boys disappeared over the wall amid the clatter of brass and tin. Gypsy, with a bound and a laugh, danced into her cottage, and opened her book in peace.

When the turkeys were gone the boys came cautiously from the back of the cottage. Jack was puzzled and in trouble. Wobbut watched with wonder and awe. The tea-tray was left, but the turkeys seemed to have taken the French horn away with them to help them in other battles farther down the lane.

Anyhow, the birds and the brass instrument were all gone together. And in one minute after, home came the father of the boys, found out what Jack was looking for, and was very angry indeed.

"If you please," said Gypsy, calling from the window when their father was gone in, "if you please, big boy, I'll get the horn back if you won't blow it on the wall any more, and if we can all be friends."

"All right. Be quick! Where did you hide it?"

Gypsy had not hidden it. The farmer whose turkeys she had let out had followed them down the road, and driven them back, taking the brass instrument with him. She had peeped from behind the window-curtain and saw him pick it up.

"You little mischief!" he said, when she went to him, "if you let out my turkeys again I'll chop your curls off."

But he only pulled the curls in play, for no one could be angry with Gypsy, and she was no more afraid of him than of his turkeys.

So Gypsy gave back the brass horn, and the boys promised not to take it again, and to be friends in peace after the battle.

And the two boys and the girl were last seen sitting on the wall in a row, with the leaves of the broken book among them, arguing whether dragons were quite so green in reality as in the picture, and whether there were any in the Zoo.

Jack was positive there were no such things. Gypsy hoped there were. Wobbut had a cloudy idea that they might come down the lane any minute from the farmer's, and eat him; whatever they were, they could not be much worse than turkeys.

"HERE, James, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your little brother." James examines the cakes carefully, appears undecided, and finally takes a heroic bite out of one of them, which he passes over to his brother, with the remark: "There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one; they were both exactly the same size!"

WHAT THE NEW YEAR SAYS.

BY A. L.

I bring a volume white,
With mystic uncut leaves,
Whereon each one must write
The creed which he believes.

Each triumph of the right—
Each action grand and pure,
Written in lines of light,
For ever shall endure!

While deeds of guilt and shame,
With blackest letters traced
Against the doer's name,
Can never be effaced!

And when my book is done,
And by the Past is bound,
The works of everyone
Within it will be found.

And by the Maker's hand
The volume will be sealed,
Until, at His command,
All things shall be revealed!

QUEER COURTSHIPS.

"Mary!"

"What!"

"Will you take me?"

"Naw."

Such was the sum and substance of a courtship described by a writer whose sketches are generally accepted as photographic in their fidelity to nature.

A time honored anecdote exists in parts of England, illustrative of the silent style of courtship, which may be worth repeating.

A young couple walked out together for the first time as lovers, by some mysterious understanding, felt but unexpressed. Only once during the walk was the silence between them broken, when the youth touchingly observed—

"Treacle's risen, Sarah."

"Has it" said Sarah, affectionately.

On they walked, through many fields and country lanes, and nothing more was said until the time came for parting. Then the ardent lover mustered up courage to ask—

"When mun I come agean?"

"When treacle se ties," was the calm response; and they went their several ways.

Turning to particular instances of queer courtships, we find no lack of illustration.

History tells of poor Jerry White throwing himself at the feet of the Protector's daughter, and, being caught in the act by Noll himself, pretending he was suing for the hand of the lady's maid.

This unfortunate subterfuge lost him his chance, for he was taken at his word and compelled to marry the maid instead of the mistress.

Daniel Webster's kneeling was attended with happier results. He was holding a skein of silk which Miss Fletcher was winding, when he suddenly went on his knees and dropped the silk, exclaiming, "Grace, we have been untying knots; let us see if we can tie one which will not untie in a lifetime"

Then, with a piece of tape he fashioned half a true-lovers' knot; Miss Fletcher completed it, and a kiss sealed the bargain.

The Rev. Josiah Gilbert proposed to a young lady whom he had never seen—Miss Ann Taylor, whose writings had charmed him, and whose personal merits had been highly spoken of to him.

He wrote to the young lady, asking whether any peremptory reasons existing might lead him to conclude that a journey undertaken with the purpose of soliciting her heart and hand could not possibly be successful.

The journey was duly sanctioned, an interview was obtained, which resulted in a happy wedded life.

In the century the gallants of the south of Ireland had a very rough-and-ready mode of wooing, consisting of nothing less than abduction and forced marriages. No girl with a good portion was safe.

Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for young men to gamble for the girls they considered desirable, and the winner was assisted by those who had lost in carrying off the prize.

Dean Ramsay tells of a Scottish beadle who could hit upon no better way of popping the question than by taking the object of his affections to the churchyard gate and saying, "Mary, my folk lie there; would you like to lie there, Mary?"

This was not quite so direct as the proposal made by a Galloway swain, who carelessly remarked, "I think I'll marry thee, Jean;" the response being, "Mon, Jock, I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would."

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon's courtship of Lucie Austin was a rather curious affair.

He met her one evening at Lansdowne House, and going up to her said, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married? Shall we make it true?"

Her reply was in the affirmative, and not long afterwards the nuptial knot was tied in Kensington Church.

A notable instance of a "long courtin'" was afforded in the case of Robert Phillips, brother of the poet, who, being in love with Miss Ann Bowdler, proposed to and was accepted by her.

But, as usual, the "course of true love did not run smooth," for though the attachment between the young couple was quite warm enough for them to have married upon, there were relatives who strongly objected to the match, and in deference to their wishes the marriage was temporarily abandoned.

The couple did not discontinue their courtship, however, but kept it up for sixty years, only bringing it to its proper end when death removed the obstacles from their path. Then, at eighty years of age, they plucked up courage and went to church and were married.

The other day we read of a rather queer courtship A young lady named Miss Bain, governess in the family of a Warden in the State prison, Jeffersonville, fell in love with a convict named George Lowry, who had served eighteen years within the cells for murder in the first degree.

On account of his good conduct, he was allowed a fair amount of licence, and occasionally went with messages to the warden's house.

There he saw the governess, and a strong attachment sprang up between them. One day it was discovered that Lowry was missing, and heavily armed guards were at once dispatched in search of him. It turned out that Miss Bain had assisted him to escape, and the two intended to get married and then come back to the prison.

They were compelled to return, however, without being able to carry out their design, the convict being in his prison clothes. Lowry's time will expire in five years, it is said, and the couple have resolved to wait patiently until he gets his freedom.

THE best rule is to be polite to everyone, and, unless rudeness amounts to positive and intentional insult, to take no heed of it. It is the only way to be happy, in a world where every second man is too obtuse, and every third one too ill tempered, to be pleasantly and frankly courteous.

Grains of Gold.

Withdraw from slanderers.

Weak people are apt to be positive.

Happiness is increased by diffusion.

He who desires to be grateful, is so.

Wisdom, though serious, is never sullen.

Better lose an anchor than a whole ship.

Nature requires but little, custom much.

He that presumes much, has much to fear.

Perfection is the point at which all should aim.

When a resolution is once formed half the difficulty is over.

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day were the truths of long ago.

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the fish ignore it, God will know it.

We would rather speak ill of ourselves than not talk of ourselves at all.

In diving to the bottom of pleasure we bring up more gravel than pearls.

The scandal of the world is what makes the offense; it is not sin to sin in silence.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same.

Most of the miseries of life result from our straying from the path which leads to content.

Few are so sincere, as to hazard the friendship they value by giving disagreeable counsel.

One man lies in his words and gets a bad reputation; another in his manners and enjoys a good one.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

A helping word is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity.

Femininities.

Girdles of metallic braid are not being received with favor.

Charming purses are made of woven gold, silk or silver thread.

It requires something more than natural courage to renounce false pleasures.

Medici collars are losing caste from the fact that they savor too much of the stage.

Some women look at a secret much as a man looks at whisky—as too good to keep.

The highest degree to which woman is eligible, M. A., is conferred by the school of life.

Dollie Johnson, colored, of Lexington, Ky., has been engaged as cook at the White House.

A girl out in Smith county, Kansas, won $50 by husking and cribbing 90 bushels of corn in five hours.

When anyone composes speeches with a view to shame her neighbors, she should speak them to a looking-glass.

A Michigan man has distributed 100 tickets to as many women, and now will draw a number and marry the woman holding it.

In an intelligence office. Agent to female applicant: "Are you married or single?" Applicant, blushing: "Nayther, mum. Oi'm engaged."

Jennie Merrill ran away from a fashionable seminary for young ladies at Galesburg, Ill., recently, disguising herself in boy's clothes. She was caught.

The way to keep a husband home evenings is to give him the baby to hold just for a minute, then skip out and go over to mother's and spend the evening.

Neither Queen Victoria nor the Princess of Wales ever carries money about, and they are frequently subjected to awkward, and sometimes amusing, contretemps in consequence.

It is singular that none of the prominent ladies who were asked to name their preference for a national flower selected the marigold. Our girls who have the gold prefer to marry lilies.

Little Brother: "Mr. Poseyboy, won't you go and stand before the window?" Poseyboy: "Certainly, my little man; but why?" "Cos yy, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can."

Mr. Bloodgood, to Miss Eames, from the country: "May I have the pleasure of escorting you into the conservatory?" Miss Eames, eagerly. "Certainly, Mr. Bloodgood. To tell the truth, I am half starved."

A mother's first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own? How different must an affection thus founded be from all others.

"Can you forgive me and love me still," said the new-made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?" "Thank God!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig, "now I can cool my head!"

It is one of the strangest things in life that not one of these sweet-tempered, soft-voiced, gentle-hearted and velvet-handed women we see about us daily ever reaches the distinction of being a mother-in-law.

It is not at all necessary for a widow to wear a heavy crape veil over her face. Physicians have declared against the custom, and sensible people know that a woman's grief is not to be measured by the amount of crape that she wears.

Mr. Wickman: "Well, my dear, how is the new girl getting along? Does she seem to be any more economical than the other one?" Mrs. Wickman: "Just about the same. She doesn't seem to economize on anything except the broom."

It is funny to hear two women talking to each other across a fence as they are hanging out clothes, each with half a dozen clothes-pins in her mouth. It is a close split between them as to which shall talk with the plainest articulation.

Princess Christian, the second and most popular daughter of Queen Victoria, is on the eve of entirely losing her sight. She has been suffering for some time past with an affection of the eyes similar to that which afflicted her great-grandfather, King George III.

Fair-haired women are at a slight discount in the matrimonial market. Statistics would seem to show that brunettes are more successful in obtaining husbands in the proportion of about three to two. Does this explain why fair hair is slowly disappearing?

The hat of white cloth with its Indian bandeau of raven-hued wings edging the narrow brim that encircles the low crown is a feature in millinery, and a very pretty one, that only requires the addition of a dusky bird placed just in the rear of the bristling points to give it a most distingue air.

A new practice at the dinner table which is intended to conduce to sociability is for the hostess to ring a bell at the end of each course, and for all the men thereupon to leave their seats and move to the seat beside the next lady. By regulating the number of courses to the number of guests, every lady gets a few minutes' talk with every man at the table.

In ancient Greece the lover was seldom favored with an opportunity of declaring his passion to his adored one, and he used to publish it by inscribing her name on the walls, on the bark of the trees in the public walks, and upon the leaves of books. He would decorate the door of her house with garlands, and make libations of wine before it in the manner that was practiced in the temple of Cupid.

The Prince of Wales does not go shopping now. Once he and the Princess used to do a good deal of it, but they have entirely given it up, and now all the articles have to be sent to Marlborough House or Sandringham for their approval. A London shopkeeper tells a reporter that the Prince was among the politest of purchasers. As he left the shop he always politely raised his hat and "thanked them very much."

Masculinities.

Congressman Bullock, of Florida, is the father of 12 children.

Counting the clergymen in, it takes three to make a pair.

Men refine liquor, but liquor never returns the compliment.

A black pearl in a cup of diamonds comprises a scarf-pin much affected.

Tenement that is not occupied half the time—The room for improvement.

Studs are worn with full dress suits; three small studs represent the correct style.

It is curious that when a man drops his voice it makes less noise than when he raises it.

A man's virtues should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

Color is a good thing, but when it is confined exclusively to the nose it is neither complimentary nor ornamental.

"I understand that Gibbs lets his wife buy everything for him?" "Not everything; he still buys his own cigars."

Sophia Bennington, of Xenia, Ohio, has given birth to her twenty-fifth child. Her husband claims this beats all known records.

This is the proper time of year to forgive your enemies; and if you have none, to resolve to show more character henceforth.

After a heated discussion the barbers, in convention in Detroit, decided that short hair should continue the fashion for men.

A contemporary speaks of a man who is so green that his brother is obliged to walk with him to prevent the cattle from eating him.

In some respects a man is not different from a cow. When you want to get anything out of a man you have to get on the right side of him.

The repeated application of oil of cinnamon will cause those ugly excrescences—warts—to disappear. Rubbing them with salt is also recommended.

A critic, in noticing a discourse on "The Sayings and Doings of Great Men," remarks: "It is sad to observe how much they said and how little they did."

A certain rich man says of his wealth: "This is what I have often sighed for, even cried for, sometimes lied for, and nearly died for; what should I let it slide for?"

A Swiss watch manufacturer has just invented a watch for the blind, on the dial of which the hours are indicated by twelve projecting pegs, one of which sinks every hour.

One of our contemporaries, in noting the successful career of a venerable man who has just died in Maine, makes the startling statement that "he was born without a dollar in his pocket."

The belle at a recent dog feast on an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 180 elks, which she herself had slain. She is the granddaughter of the chief of the tribe.

The following novel advertisement appeared in a Salem, Iowa, paper: "If John Jones, who, 20 years ago, deserted his wife and babe, will return, said babe will lick the stuffin' out of him."

Francois Bonneau, a Frenchman, died in New Bedford, Mass., recently, at the reputed age of 105 years 9 months. He was twice married, and was the father of 18 children. He survived both of his wives.

A medical journal says a healthy man changes his brain every two months. We don't believe it. We have known some remarkably healthy men who never changed—never had any brains to change, in fact.

Of all royal personages the Prince of Wales is the most noted for the enormous quantity of luggage which he causes to be sent with him on his journeys. He takes whole boxes of hats, and huge trunks of dress suits, morning coats and other changes.

Mrs Bandbox: "You said the train I should take leaves at 10 30, didn't you?" Ticket Agent: "Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already." Mrs. Bandbox: "I know you have, but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."

The cuckoo was extremely popular at one time in some parts of England, but more so apparently among laborers than among their employers. The usage was that, when the first cuckoo was heard, the laborers all left their work and made holiday for the rest of the day.

The feat of playing 20 games of checkers simultaneously and winning all but one, which was a draw, was accomplished by Clarence A. Freeman, in Providence, R. I., a few days ago. His contestants were experts from all over Rhode Island. The play lasted just one hour and forty minutes.

The Right Rev. Dr Jayne, Lord Bishop of Chester, has created a sensation throughout England by his remarkable confession in the course of a public address at Stockport a fortnight ago, that his two principal ambitions in life have been to write a good novel and to "run a public house or liquor saloon, on the best principles."

A Leeds correspondent of one of the London papers states that George Chapman, a Leeds 'bus driver, had been bequeathed $35,000 by an old gentleman whom he had not seen for years. They were once in the habit of meeting at a public house together, and the driver always undertook, when the gentleman was "on the spree," to see him safely home.

Mrs. Youngbridge: "How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?" Mr. Youngbride: "Just right! I tell you Annie, it may be plebeian, but I am awful fond of calf's liver." Mrs. Youngbride: "So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf; then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning."

Recent Book Issues.

"The Mokeville Children" is a very artistic and entertaining imitation water-color representing a number of colored children, having a little picnic. The idea is treated mirthfully and at the same time naturally. Published by F. A. Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

"What Might Have Been Expected," is a juvenile story by Frank R. Stockton. It is the story of two excellent young people, brother and sister living on a Virginia plantation who are greatly grieved that old black Aunt Mathilda has got to be sent to the poor-house. To avoid this distressing necessity they devise ways and means of supporting her with very nice mathematical calculation. Though in no way obtrusively funny it is full of quaint dry humor. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for January is full of everything to make a Sunday afternoon or evening that is spent in reading it one of rare enjoyment. It opens with a short story called "My Jealousy," which is followed by an account of child life in an English orphan asylum. Then comes an interesting essay on "Pilate's Wife," by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. The seventh chapter of the serial, "Wings of the Morning," is reached and there is an account of "Ancient Church Ironwork." From this naturally "heavy" subject one turns to the next, which is a page of music, and from that to "A Loyal Little Maid," The poem, "A Quiet Pool," is illustrated by a charming picture, and the story, "The Chrysanthemum; or Gloria Mundi," has the honor of a frontispiece illustration. The serial, "Worthy to be Loved," runs on and justifies its title. The logical essays, a story or two, a big bundle of "Short Arrows," and the number comes to an end. Cassel & Company, publishers, New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for January is an etching by Leopold Flameng of Meissonier's famous painting, "The Halt." The opening paper is on "The Nativity of our Lord," as depicted in the National Gallery. Excellent reproductions are given from the paintings by Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Rembrandt and the early Flemish School. Following this comes an "In Memoriam" of Jules Dapre, by Ernest Chesneau. The concluding "Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts," by S. R. Koehler, is given, accompanying which is a portrai of George Peabody after the original of G. F. Watts. "Hope Nursing Love" is a page picture after Sir Joshua. A biographical and critical sketch of Carl Haag, by Frederick Wedmore, is accompanied by reproductions of the most characteristic of the artist's paintings. "Wild Wales" is the subject of a well-illustrated paper, and, "What a Memorial Window Should Be," is explained. The notes are full and comprehensive and keep the reader well posted in the art news of the world. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Till 1751 the legal New Year's Day was on March 25th. With the exception of Sweden, Russia, and Greece—the two latter still cling to the "old" style—England was the last European nation to adopt the "new" or "Gregorian" style of commencing the year on January 1st.

From the seventh to the thirteenth century the year in England was reckoned from Christmas. In the twelfth century the ecclesiastical year was made to commence on March 25th; and by degrees civilians adopted the same practice. But the "historical" year has for a long period begun on January 1st.

Hence the confusion in the dates assigned by historians to particular events. Thus the execution of Charles I. is given by some authorities as January 30 h, 1648 and by others, who are equally correct, as January 30 h, 1649. Hence too the puzzling style of dating letters in this way—"February 20th, 1613-14

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Let a husband be the true and pure guardian of his family, laboring always to adorn himself with the godlike gems of wisdom, virtue, and honor; let him bear himself in relation to his wife with gracious kindness towards her faults, with grateful recognition of her merits, with steady sympathy for her trials, with a hearty aid for her better aspirations, and she must be of a vile stock if she does not revere him, and minister unto him with all the graces and sweetness of her nature.

Let a wife, in her whole intercourse with her husband, try the efficacy of gentleness, purity, sincerity, scrupulous truth, meek and patient forbearance, an invariable tone and manner of deference, and, if he be not a brute, he cannot help respecting her and treating her kindly; and in nearly all instances he will end by loving her and living happily with her.

A MAN trained a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

WHEN THE MUCOUS SURFACES of the Bronchia are sore and inflamed, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking up a cold, or subduing a cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

PICKPOCKETS' TRAINING.

THE pickpocket's training school is usually, to all outward appearances, a more or less respectable lodging house. It is frequented by old hands, who have, for some reason or another—generally loss of nerve—relinquished the active pursuit of their calling, and who therefore employ themselves in cultivating in others the dangerous knowledge which years of crime has given them. Their pupils are very often the real or supposed children of men whose lives are spent in criminal pursuits, and who wish that their sons, or the children whom they have come to look upon as bearing this relationship to them, should follow in their footsteps.

The earliest lesson which is taught the tyro who aspires to become a pickpocket is to "step"—that is to say, to move noiselessly under the most favorable circumstances. At first he is made to creep about the floor with bare feet until he can succeed in approaching his tutor so silently that the latter is unaware of his coming.

Then the same degree of proficiency must be attained in slippers, then in light boots, and finally in heavy brogues.

The peculiar manner in which the boys who are learning this lesson lift their feet gives an easy explanation of the term "stepping."

When the pupil can "step" satisfactorily over an ordinary board floor, he is put through his paces on a surface scattered with articles that have a tendency to disconcert him, as pebbles or bricks, the object being to teach him to steal along without a warning sound, even in the most unfavorable circumstances.

As is only natural, different boys progress with their training at varying speeds One may give his instructor reason to believe that he is master of the art of "stepping" after the lapse of a couple days, while another may take a week or more in attaining the same degree of skill.

The next process is to initiate the pupils into the actual picking of pockets. They practise upon their teacher, who appears in various characters, now as a man and now as a woman, and throws all the obstacles in the way of their success that experience has taught him they are likely to encounter.

The boys are left to their own devices to a great extent so far as the overcoming of these obstacles is concerned. A smart lad will intuitively grasp the situation, and devise some means of overcoming the difficulty, while a dullard is completely nonplussed.

It is now customary to make boys practise upon figures suspended from the ceiling by cords, and adorned by bells hung in such a manner that any clumsy handling will cause them to sound. Though a certain delicacy of touch may be inculcated in this way, it is hardly of the right sort, as a living person would easily feel manipulations that the belled figure allows to pass without any warning, and *vice versa*.

In these preliminary courses of instruction a handkerchief is always the object to which the attentions of the learners are directed, and when first they are allowed to do a little pocket picking in earnest for themselves they are obliged to confine themselves to handkerchiefs.

It is rather hard to say why this should be so, as it is a comparatively easy matter to abstract a handkerchief from a pocket. The feat is simply insignificant compared with that of getting at a purse or coin which rests at the bottom of a pocket.

Presumably it is thought well to thoroughly accustom the lads to the A B C of their business before attempting to initiate them into its higher branches.

The "snapping" of a watch is one of the more elaborate processes which, as the learner advances in skill, is brought before him. Pocket picking is mostly accomplished from behind the victim, with the result that while engaged at it there is no great difficulty in avoiding being seen But the theft of a watch must necessarily be generally accomplished from the front or side, and this introduces the pupil into quite another branch of his art—working with others.

As some tennis players who are very strong in a single game show most inferior style when playing in a "four," so it is often found that a young pickpocket, who is to all appearances likely to become a credit to his teacher, fails when called upon to operate in concert with others.

Instruction in "cutting pockets" is the crowning point in a pickpocket's course of until he has reached man's estate, and per tuition. As a rule, he is not taught this haps he may have been practising o her branches of the business for years before he returns to the tutor in order to have the finishing touch put upon his education.

"Cutting pockets" is a very delicate operation, and one which demands absolute quiet and stillness on the part o the person operated upon. For this reason it is confined to tramcars, omnibuses, and railway trains, preferably the last named, as there is more chance of the intended victim becoming engrossed in a book or paper when travelling in the train than when in a 'bus or tramcar.

A clever exponent of this art of pocket cutting used to cleverly conceal his intentions by wearing a false arm, bandaged up and in splints, as though it had lately met with accident. His real arm was concealed partly beneath the false one and partly by the folds of a voluminous cloak, which was provided with an opening through which he used to thrust it.

His neighbor in a 'bus or train naturally never had any suspicion of the unfortunate old gentleman, who would probably pass the time by giving an exciting account of the accident which had deprived him of the use of his arm.

But while the story was in progress the scissors would be at work, and later on, after the affable old gentleman had alighted, his sympathetic neighbor would put his hand into his pocket to find a long silt through which his purse or coin had been extracted.

An important part of the education of our learner, from whose course of instruction we have strayed, is due intuition in the art of "covering a pal"—that is to say, screening a comrade who is actually picking a pocket.

This requires almost as much quickness and finesse as thieving proper, and a good "cover" is an important personage in a coterie of pickpockets. Another essential part of the training of a thief is instruction in "fanning"—that is, ascertaining how the valuables carried by a person are disposed. When a pickpocket is going to "fan" a man, his first care is to station himself close alongside of his victim, and then with a rapid movement he passes his hands over the pockets.

Such dexterity is acquired in this that an expert "fanner" is able to tell the precise nature of anything he may feel in the pockets of the man upon whom he is experimenting, and thus to decide whether it is worth his while to attempt a capture or not.

Supposing that a man standing in a crowd has been "fanned," with the result that a purse is discovered in the left-hand pocket of his trousers. Very likely he is holding himself upright, so that the lips of the pocket are closed tightly. A signal from the manipulator to an accomplice acquaints the latter with this fact, and he presses gently upon the victim's right shoulder. This pressure will have the effect of causing the pocket to gape a little, and the pickpocket will soon succeed in working the lining out little by little, until the purse is within reach of his fingers, and then nothing remains but to decamp with the booty.

SINGULAR FUNERAL CUSTOM. — A singular traditional usage was carried out at Lisbon after the funeral of the late King. At three principal places in the city platforms were erected covered with black cloth. A procession passed from one place to the other. The chief municipal officers of the city and the chief personages of the late royal household, all clad in deep mourning, formed the procession, which was preceded and followed by cavalry in mourning, the colors draped with black. Military bands accompanied the march, and four shields, on which were painted the royal arms, were bore aloft on long staves. A multitude of people, all dressed in mourning, were present. Arrived at the platform, all the principal persons took their places upon it, and one of the shield-bearers, advancing to the front, cried out in a chanting tone, "Weep, O Portuguese, for your King Dom Luis I is dead." He then dashed the shield to the ground with such violence that it was shattered. This ceremony was repeated at the other platforms. Then the procession moved to the Church of Sante Antonio da Se, where a solemn requiem service was held. During the whole ceremony all the bells of the city tolled.

CANNIBAL COOKING.—If any of us look forward to being eaten by cannibals, he may wish to be informed how he is likely to be cooked. It is a comfort to know that the savages who may devour him are by no means devoid of refinement in their culinary disposition. Some French soldiers were lately taken prisoners by the Kanaks, of the South Pacific, and one of them was killed and eaten. His comrades describe the process. The Kanaks first decapitate their victim; a matter of no small difficulty considering the bluntness of their hatchets. Ten to fifteen blows are necessary. The body is then hung up to a tree by the feet, and the blood is allowed to run out for an hour. Meanwhile a hole, a yard and a half deep, and a yard wide, is dug in the ground. The hole is lined with stones, and then in midst of them a great fire is lit. When the wood is burnt down a little, and glows with heat, it is covered over with more stones. The man is then cleaned out, and divided into pieces about a foot long; the hands and feet being thrown away as worthless. The pieces of the man are placed on the leaves of a large rose-tree peculiar to the tropics. The meat is surrounded with cocoanuts, bananas, and some other plants noted for their delicate flavor. The whole is then tied together firmly; the fire is removed from the pit; the meat is placed in among the hot stones; and thus, carefully covered, is left to cook for an hour. Women do not partake of this warrior's feast. Men alone are permitted to enjoy so great an honor, and so rare a delicacy.

GAS MANAGEMENT.—One of the first things in the management of gas in every house should be to avoid what has been generally understood as an important duty —viz., turning the gas off at the meter when the light is no longer required. Nothing relating to gas can be more dangerous than this; and the reason is obvious. The burners are frequently left alight till the last thing.

Next day, when the gas is turned on, a discovery is made that it has been escaping from one of the burners, perhaps from several of them. When it is time to go to bed, put the lights out at every jet, and then there can be no accidental escape the next evening; for as each of them is turned on, so will they all be lighted at the same time. If an employer finds that a servant or assistant continues to burn the gas beyond a reasonable time, nothing is more easy for him than to have a tap between his own and the upper chambers.

If, on the other hand, he desires to turn the gas off at the meter, and so put out the light, he certainly may do so; but the next evening, when the meter is again turned on, some time or other there will be sure to be one of the taps open that have been left so on the previous night.

HEROIC TREATMENT.—Customer (in drug store)—"Give me about 10 grains of quinine in four ounces of whiskey. My physician says if I don't take plenty of quinine I'm a dead man." Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but we're all out of quinine; there is a car load on the way." Customer—"I s'pose there is, but it doesn't do me any good. Well, give me eight ounces of whiskey then; I've got to do something for this terrible malaria."

IF you want to see astonishing results try Salvation Oil for neuralgia. 25 cents.

"Quack Nostrum" is a term not at all applicable to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

CHRISTMAS IS HERE!

What a pleasure a year's subscription to "THE POST" would bring to one of your friends near at hand or at a distance!

Humorous.

HE TOOK HER.

She was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper,
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,
When all the rest forsook her,
An amateur photographer,
And finally he took her.

—U. N. Nonz

A nap-sack—A pillow-case.

To get along well—Dig it deep.

Ground rents—The effects of an earthquake.

When is a nutmeg like a prison window?—When it is grated.

What time by the clock is the best for a pun? A joke takes best just when it strikes one.

A fact to be remembered by expectants:—In making wills some are left out and others are left tin.

First Boarding House Turkey—"How are you feeling?" Second Boarding House Turkey—"Tough."

Why is a game of ball like a buckwheat cake? Because its success depends very largely upon the batter.

It may be that love makes the world go round, but an overdose of whiskey will do it more successfully.

"Know thyself" may be all right in theory, but it would lead to a great many suicides if fully followed.

A New York drayman owns a horse so thin that a knot is tied in his tail to prevent his body from slipping through the collar.

Muteorological item. Tommy: "Pa, may I ask you a question?" Pa: "Certainly, my child." Tommy. "Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"

"Please to give me something, sir," said an old woman. "I had a blind child, he was my only means of subsistence, but the poor boy has recovered his sight."

Sunday-school teacher, reprovingly: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" Street urchin: "Hi, fellers! here's a cove as don't know what day this is. Guess he's been out all night!"

An unlucky block. E.: "Don't let us turn down this street." F.: "Why not?" E.: "Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely 13 people to whom I owe money living on it."

Wife, at church: "That man in the second pew is acting very strangely. Do you think he is crazy?" Husband: "I wouldn't be at all surprised, my dear; I see his collar button has gone down his back."

Servant: "A newspaper to interview you sir." Candidate: "Tell him I am so hoarse I can't talk." Servant: "I told that; but he said he'd ask the questions and you could nod." Candidate: "Tell him I have a very stiff neck and can't nod."

The following ludicrous sentence is the result of a compositor's erroneous punctuation:—"Cæsar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brows, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare!"

Chief, to an industrious clerk in Govern ment office. "Why didn't you dot the 'i' in the last word of your report last night?" Industrious clerk: "I beg your pardon; but you see the clock struck four just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime."

Messrs. Gibbon and Redman (calling)—"Is Miss Flirtette in?" Bridget—"Faith, OI don't know. She said ef it was that red-hidded freckled dude, she wusn't in; but ef it wus that handsome Mr. Gibbon, she wus. But begorry, you're both here together."

"Great heavens!" said the barnyard rooster, as he watched the fluttering of a poor turkey, after the ax came down. "I wonder what is the matter with his nibs, the gobbler?" "Well, judging from his actions," replied a facetious little bantam, "I should say that he has lost his head."

Bobby—"Say, Mister, have you rented your rooms yet?" Elder Sister—"Hush, Bobby, you mustn't be so familiar," Mr. Softpate—"Oh, let me amuse him. I am very fond of little boys. What rooms my little man?" Bobby—"I dunno, but sis said the other day that you had rooms to let in your upper story, and——"

"I don't see your son about anywhere," said a traveling man to a merchant whom he had called on. "Is he about the city?"

"Yes,"

"Pursuing his studies?"

"I think he is pursuing his studies, but from what I can hear I don't think he has much chance of catching up to them."

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any article equally as pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
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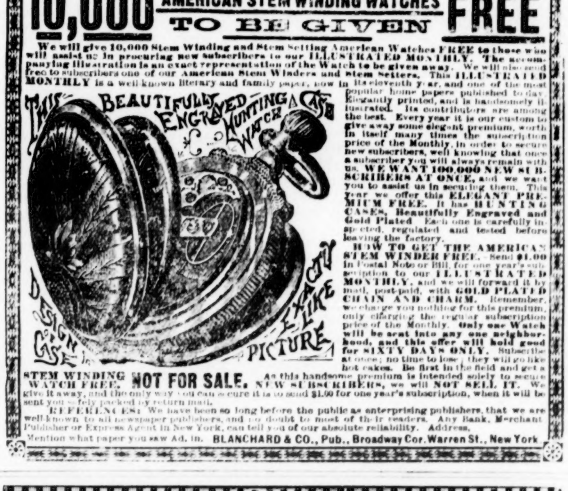

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Bordered materials flourish apace. We have striped and brocne borders, and, newer still, the rich, broad plaid borders. Some woollen materials have splendid silk borders with a rich flowing pattern, but these are not so fashionable as the plaid woollen border, as wide as the plain material forming the skirt or tunic drapery.

There are some pretty French serges of soft, plain colors edged with a broad border, a foot wide, in plaid, of which the colors harmonize with the ground color.

A delicate but deep blue serge has a plaid border in white, blue, and fawn, broad chequering stripes of the three colors. In making up such dresses the bordered material forms a draped skirt; the corsage is plain, with revers, waistcoat and collar cut from the border.

Over a skirt with plaid border the redingote polonaise is very elegant with pleated Princess backs, forming long tails as long as the skirt, and short loose front with plaid revers.

The waistcoat beneath the loose open fronts can be of plaid or some white material, plain and buttoning down the front, or charmingly draped or arranged in diagonal pleats, and fastening at the side.

This is one of the favorite styles of elegantes, the simplicity and grace of the cut suiting their fastidious tastes. The revers collar and paremenls are of plaid, and a plaid en-tout-cas for bright days is usually carried.

The straw or felt hat is often trimmed with plaid ribbon to match, but a capote is preferred by many with this style of toilette.

As white waistcoats are the fashion, and as white soils easily many dressmakers ingeniously make redingote polonaise and waistcoat apart.

The waistcoat is put on first, the short fronts of the polonaise buttoning on to the waistcoat at the collar, the waist held in place by buttoning the dress belt to a button on the waistcoat at the seams under the arms.

Two waistcoats are made (often in washing material), and thus one at a time can be cleaned or washed with perfect facility. The two waistcoats can be made in different styles, and thus an element of variety can be introduced into economy.

The costume looks always fresh, without the great inconvenience of constantly unpicking the waistcoat from the dress.

The one slight inconvenience of this excellent plan is that the corsage is slightly hotter than if made all in one, for it entails double backs and sidepieces as well as fronts, whereas the old plan means merely double fronts. Still the additional warmth is trifling, and a thinner petticoat bodice can be employed.

The splendid embroideries! Winter mantles of plush-velvet are covered with elaborate embroidery or passementerie in rich and lovely designs. Panels of dresses and mantles are rendered heavy and thick by their means.

Every variety of passementerie embroidery, and silk lace is worn in black and colors, but black principally.

There are guipures of silk, marvelously rich and beautiful, made to partake somewhat of the nature of passementerie by combining their graceful texture with thick silk cord.

Braid embroideries of every style and nature abound.

Bordered materials even are woven to represent a braided border, or are really embroidered by hand in elaborate fashions.

Nearly all the richer embroideries are hand-work, and this, it is needless to add, keeps their price high.

Elegantes rejoice in the price, for, as they justly say, it will keep them from the million, and will enable them to escape the fate which overwhelms most fashions in turn, namely the commonness of cheap reproduction and general adoption.

Mantles, long mantles, are mostly cut as close-fitted redingotes, with the long Italian sleeves hanging from the shoulder to the edge of the vetement.

In embroidered plush velvet such a model is a work of art, and looks artistic and graceful to a high degree on a tall and slender figure.

Short mantles are the ordinary shape, with short backs and mantelet ends in front, but those also have frequently the Italian sleeve. These are splendidly embroidered.

Innumerable long mantles are made of broche cloth in two colors, a dark ground with large flowers in a lighter hue.

What with the beauty of material and the elegance of cut and design, these mantles are beyond praise. They are lined with silk, especially with soft bright-colored silk contrasting with the colors of the cloth.

In contrast to their richness is the severe jacket or dress of cloth produced by tailors as their best work.

Yet how ladylike and becoming it is! The simple skirt; the only decoration the many rows of stitching at the edge. The double-breasted corsage, with pleated basques at the back, fits like a glove, and is fastened with large massive pearl buttons. The sleeves are tight, and fit the arm without a wrinkle.

Great perfection of cut and workmanship is required for these plain costumes.

Among other rich trimmings the network of fine silk cord must be mentioned, with chenille balls at every point where the cords cross each other.

One dress of gray faille is trimmed with this network in black. The skirt has a draped tablier of faille in front looped on the left. One each side is a pleated faille panel, edged with a scalloped band of the netting.

The gray corsage is covered with a netting cuirasse, across which is draped a scarf of black moire, starting from a large bow at the neck (the ends tipped with jet tags), crossing the corsage diagonally, and falling in a large sash bow on the right, the ends richly fringed.

The sleeves, full at the shoulder, have pointed paremenls of the netting.

Braiding is as fashionable for children as for ladies, a charming little coat of green cloth richly braided on revers collar, pockets, and paremenls in black.

The coat is double breasted, the "Reefer" coat, which is made up in cloths of all varieties and colors for girls between the ages of four and nine.

Another very fashionable shape for girls is a coat completely pleated from neck to edge, the front closing diagonally, the pleats mounted into a pointed braided yoke. A braided belt is at the waist.

For traveling wraps, the long semi-fitting coats, straight and loose in front and tight at the back, with a double row of large buttons, seem to be the best worn.

They are long enough to touch the ground, and the straight stand-up collars, often of velvet, reach almost to the ears.

Many of them have perfectly fitting capes reaching half-way to the elbow, and all have large square pockets in front, into which the hands, as well as books and other things, go.

In dark blue, lined with snot satin; in brown cloth, lined with seal plush; and in smoke-gray, with squirrel fur, these cloaks may be seen. The most simple ones are of navy-blue serge.

Some are bordered with narrow fur in the same style as the jackets and driving capes, and have fur collars.

Long cloaks in blue serge are becoming popular for sea and railway traveling, and they look very neat, especially with the blue felt or cloth caps so much worn.

Many girls who are clever with their fingers, make these long cloaks at home.

The Siberian shape, with the plain, straight fronts, is the one most generally seen.

The long, round French cloaks, hanging all from the shoulders, and finely crimped, look well on tall women.

Odds and Ends.

SOME MATTERS OF COOKERY.

Beef.—The rump of beef is considered the best piece of beef for boiling; it is boned and tied up; part of the shoulder or the top of the round is also good. A piece of beef weighing seven or eight pounds is boiled thus:—Put it in a stewpan with salt and warm water, let it just come to a boil, skim it, and let it simmer gently for three hours; then put in vegetables, herbs and spices as for stock, and let it simmer an hour and a half; then pull it back and leave it for an hour, where it will keep hot, but not boil; drain the meat, and serve with the vegetables round, or serve with stewed cabbage and browned small onions, or with only watercress.

Beef boiled in this way, or in the stock-pot, is also put on a dish with fresh parsley round it, and sent to the table with horse-radish sauce.

Beef is interlarded with strips of bacon, that is, the bacon run into the meat with a larding needle (not in and out), and then cooked about four hours in the stock-pot, served surrounded by parsley and with tomato, piquante, or Italian sauce.

Beef au Gratin.—Grease a dish with some fat from poultry or with butter, put a few pale raspings over it, then cut cold beef in nice slices, and arrange them in the dish, one partly over the other; chop two onions, cook them in some butter or dripping without browning them, add a little thick gravy to them, put over the slices of beef, then put chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and raspings over, and bake a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve in the same dish.

Beuf aux Fines Herbes.—Butter a dish, sprinkle it with chopped parsley and shalots mixed with a few raspings, put the cold beef cut in thin slices on it, laying very thin slices of fat between the slices of lean, sprinkle with sweet herbs, chopped shalots, parsley, a finely chopped gherkin and some pale raspings; put little pieces of butter over, and cook about fifteen minutes in the oven.

Beef en Miroton.—Cut some onions in slices, cook them in a stewpan in a little butter or dripping until they are nearly done, then add a tablespoonful of flour and let them brown, but not burn; add sufficient broth for gravy, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. When the onions are done and the gravy is good enough, cut the meat in thin slices and put it in; let it simmer a quarter of an hour. At the time of serving add a few drops of vinegar and some mustard.

Beuf a la Mode.—Take a piece of sirloin, of round, or of any part of beef that is preferred, about five or six pound: bone it, take a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, cut it into strips, and with a larding needle run them into the beef in the same direction as the fibre runs, leaving just a little piece of the bacon out of the meat; put it in a pan with a marinade of salt, pepper, cloves, sweet herbs, parsley, chervil, a little chopped onion, and a glass of light wine or one or two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar; leave it twenty-four hours, turning three or four times. Chop two ounces of bacon, put it in a stewpan; drain and wipe the meat; put it in with the bacon for about twenty minutes, then add a lump of sugar and a teacupful of broth, and let it nearly dry up; then put in a slice of raw ham, a calf's foot chopped in two, or a piece of knuckle of veal, four large carrots, a clove of garlic, and the marinade from which you have taken the beef; add broth until the meat is just covered, and a glass of light wine (red or white); cook over a low fire for five hours, brown twenty small onions in the frying-pan and put them with the meat. Put the meat on a dish, surround it with pieces of the knuckle of veal or the calf's foot (without the bones), with the onions and with the carrots cut in pieces. Skim and strain the gravy, and pour it over the meat. If the meat is only to be eaten cold the gravy is clarified with white of egg, and let in a basin so as to be used on the meat the following day as savory jelly.

Beef a l'Ecarlate.—Take a piece of beef, remove the bones and lard it (running the bacon into the meat), rub the meat all over with salt and pounded spices and a little brown sugar, then put it in a pan with thyme, juniper-berries, cloves, bay leaf, basil, clove of garlic, and two onions cut in slices; cover the pan with a cloth, and leave it four days; then turn the meat, and leave it four days more; then sew it in a cloth and boil it gently in water, with onions, parsley and sweet herbs. A piece of beef weighing six pounds takes about four hours to cook. Remove the cloth, and serve with sauce espagnole. Beef dressed in this manner is much eaten cold.

Beef a la Portugaise.—Take a square piece of beef, chop some parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, a clove of garlic, add pepper, salt, and spices; when the whole is well mixed roll some thick strips of bacon in it, with these lard the beef the way of the grain, running them into the meat; put it into a stewpan with some fat from roast poultry or some some butter; chop mushrooms, a little garlic, scallions, and parsley together, and put over and round the meat, add a glass of white wine and cover closely; let the meat cook in its own juice until tender; put it on a dish. Strain and skim the liquor from the meat, let it get cold, then put it over the beef. Prepared in this way, the meat is served cold; it is not meant to be eaten hot.

Filet de Bauf Roti (roast fillet of beef).—Take a small piece of fillet of beef (about two pounds), remove the skin from it, and some of the fat; lard the fillet on one side, then place it in a pan, sprinkle it with chopped onions, sprigs of parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a bay leaf, and two or three tablespoonfuls of olive oil; leave it from six to twelve hours as convenient, turning it several times; then roast it, basting it with the marinade in which it was laid. Serve with a piquante sauce or its own gravy.

Fussy old gentleman: "There's a fly on your nose, mum." Irascible old lady: "Well, he ain't yours, is he?"

Confidential Correspondents.

B. Q. R.—We do not think ventriloquism may be learned from books. There must be some natural fitness in the individual to practise it.

READER C.—The word "presents," used in a legal document in such phrases as "Know all men by these presents," means "these present writings," that is to say the document itself.

W. P.—1. Nothing. 2. The disease known as jaundice, or a bad condition of the liver. 3. Belladonna, a violent poison unless used under a doctor's direction, is sometimes used for the purpose.

R. S.—The lady, for some reason, probably, did not desire to dance with you. She owes you no apology. She put you off in the most polite manner possible. You may be a very nice man, and a good dancer.

GOULD.—The words "Et tu Brute" literally mean "And thou, Brutus." They were said to have been spoken by Julius Cæsar on finding that Brutus was one of those who stabbed him when he was assassinated.

ANXIETY.—It is the duty of the gentleman not to keep a lady up beyond a reasonable hour; say, eleven o'clock. If the gentleman does not offer to take leave and retire, the young lady should do so. Her parents can assist her very much, and she should consult them.

IGNORANT.—There is no rule; say whatever seems most appropriate at the time. If the gentleman asking you to dance is a stranger, a courteous word or two of assent is sufficient; the same with a refusal. Be perfectly natural, and say just what is polite and pleasant.

H. H.—Felt is not a woven material: it is carded wool, moistened and then beaten together by a peculiar process which blends the fibres of the wool so thoroughly that it makes a thick cloth of it. There are many kinds of felt, and they will most of them clean and dye, but not wash.

B. B. B.—It is impossible to advise in such a case; a man who could be "coaxed away" from the girl he had professed to love is hardly worth asking a question about. 2. No young lady would speak to a strange gentleman in the street; no gentleman would try to induce her to do so.

S. R.—"Mrs. Malaprop" is a fictitious character introduced by Sheridan into "The Rivals," and in ridicule of the failure of those who attempt to employ words which they do not understand. It is a name adapted to the purpose from the French words, mal-a-propos meaning "out of place."

O. C. T.—1. During the wedding ceremony the bride stands to the left of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids either group themselves behind the bride, or stand on one side, the groomsmen maintaining a like relative position to the bridegroom. 2. The wedding-ring is placed upon the third finger of the left hand of the bride by the groom at a stated time during the ceremony. 3. A lady should sit to the right of her escort at the dinner-table.

ASSISTANT.—There is every reason to believe that academical degrees, and universities or schools conferring them, have existed in all ages, and we cannot refer to any single founder. In the Museum of Alexandria we have proof that the appliances of modern teaching existed. In the Middle Ages, the history of academic degrees is obscure; but according to Bulaus they were instituted at Bologna. St. John at Beverley, A. D. 680, is said to have been the first to take the degree of "B. A." Oxford, England.

J. E. A.—This correspondent wants to know why ships are spoken of as "she?" Why is the sun spoken of as "he" and the moon as "she?" we might also inquire. We make very few distinctions of such a kind in English, but in French and other languages every inanimate thing is made either masculine or feminine, which we term more correctly "neuter," and for which we employ the personal pronoun "it." In reference to a ship, it is said that it is "the sailor's wife," and he loves her as much as if she were very often.

LILY.—There is no reason why a marriage with a man younger than yourself should be unhappy, though it is always better that the difference should be on the other side. In your case, we are of opinion that your sister is quite right; a lad of eighteen can hardly know his own mind about such an important subject as matrimony. We should advise you to wait for five years at least before you marry him; even then he will be young to take upon himself the responsibilities of a household. 2. The writing is legible, and fairly good.

BETTY.—We utterly disapprove of "flirting" whether to a very considerable or only a slight degree. The principal is bad, undignified, unwomanly, and under-bred. Speak kindly and pleasantly with any friends and acquaintances who have been properly introduced to you, yet always maintain a slight reserve; for if you forget your own self-respect, you cannot expect to be treated otherwise than in a free-and-easy disrespectful way. You must "reap what you have sown." Besides, you should not encourage the attentions of any man if you have no intention of accepting him as an honorable suitor, and with your parents' consent.

F. W.—Watchmakers' oil is prepared by placing a strip of clean lead in a small white glass bottle filled with olive oil, and exposing it to the sun's rays for some time, until a curdy matter ceases to be deposited, and the oil has become quite limpid and colorless. Another mode of making it is to expose the finest porpoise-oil to the lowest natural temperature attainable. It will separate into two portions, a thick, solid mass at the bottom, and a thin oily liquid floating on the surface. This latter is poured off while at the low temperature named, and is then fit for use. Glycerine of the finest quality is also used for lubricating delicate clocks and watches.

KICKER.—You should take a lesson on the subject of your importance from this fact. There are 1 400 000 000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400 000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realise every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules.